



THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,898, Vol. 73.

March 12, 1892.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

CHRONICLE.

IN Parliament. **ON** Friday week, in the House of Lords, Lord MONKSWELL, not without ingenuity, endeavoured to get a little advantage for his party in the next day's County Council election by challenging Lord CADOGAN, at a moment's notice, to prove the whole financial indictment against the Council. But the descendant of "MARLBOROUGH's Captain and EUGENIO's friend" was not out-maneuvred; and Lord MONKSWELL probably remembered his complete setting-down when he wrote a ludicrously shrill note of triumph over the election to the *Times* of yesterday. The House before rising passed the Presentation to Benefices Bill. In the House of Commons Mr. LABOUCHERE took up the debate on the Mombassa Railway vote, which was carried on till nearly seven o'clock, Mr. COURTNEY exercising, not for the first time, his powers in reference to the Closure rather oddly. The opposition, though dogged, was not of the kind which promises itself much success, and the majority of 98 by which the vote was passed was, in the circumstances, an extremely satisfactory one. In the evening Mr. BRYCE aired his favourite subject of the grievances of the London or Glasgow clerk who finds it absolutely impossible to take a holiday unless he is allowed to camp out on the very middle of a deer-forest (let it be observed frankly that these are not Mr. BRYCE's words). The usual cant was talked, and the Government, perhaps weakly, promised consideration, "with proper provisions," of any Bill Mr. BRYCE might bring in. On this subject see an excellent letter from LOCHIEL in the *Times* of Thursday. Of the smaller business the chief was the appointment of a Committee to inquire into the system of licensing theatres and places of entertainment.

On Monday, in the House of Lords, the India Officers Bill was read a third time and passed. The House of Commons practically devoted the whole evening to the army, or at least to national defence, for a discussion of some length was interposed by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE on the defences of Esquimault. In this matter, which is a very important one, it would seem that Canada and England have been too much playing the part of the Admiral and the General at Walcheren. Mr. HANBURY came next to cry our poor little army down; and when his complaints had been talked about Mr. STANHOPE made the statement which we discuss elsewhere, touching, as usual, on a vast number of subjects, and touching nothing that he did not adorn with the usual official optimism. Then men talked much and vaguely; and that gracious and savoury vessel, Dr. CLARK, objecting to the report of the Mombassa Railway vote being taken, it stood over.

Tuesday's business in the Lower House (the Upper met for private business only) began with the Birmingham Water Bill, which was smartly contested, the opponents consisting of the representatives of Wales and London chiefly. London deserves anything, even waterlessness, after its conduct last Saturday, and Wales is exceedingly well able to look after itself, especially in the matter of water; so the second reading was carried by 244 to 102. The sweet-bloodedness of the British Nonconformist, and his calm equity of mind, having been instanced by a fuss on the part of Mr. S. EVANS, as to the Archbishop of CANTERBURY introducing a Bill (the Clergy Discipline Bill) mentioned in the QUEEN'S Speech, Mr. MACNEILL prevented the House from attending to Supply by raising a question about the three directors of the East Africa Company who voted on the Mombassa Railway question. It would probably have been better, considering the nature of the opposition to that matter, if they had not; but it is only fair to remember that the case of Companies is hard. Anybody who has a grudge or an interest against them, anybody who has a rival scheme, who has been refused blackmail,

or who wants to extort it, may vote on the other side, and their natural defenders and advocates may not come to the rescue. The evening sitting was devoted to Scotland, Mr. MARJORIBANKS, and mussel-scalps. Mr. MARJORIBANKS had the singular folly and bad taste, when the Government announced their willingness to do something, to talk about "bending the knee" and "wringing at the point of the bayonet." Thereupon Mr. BALFOUR arose and reminded him that he happened to have previously used the same language to a deputation. This being followed up by another floorer from the same to the same on another matter, the scalp of the MARJORIBANKS was laid upon those of the mussels, and the House itself went to bed.

Wednesday was devoted by the House of Commons to the Places of Worship Enfranchisement Bill, which, if it means anything, means, as Mr. BYRON REED very justly pointed out, a sort of Establishment by by-blow of Nonconformity. The Liberation Society should look to this; for it is a fearful soiling of the wedding garment. The Bill was limited in various ways, was not opposed by Ministers, was supported by various Tory members, and received from Mr. BALFOUR the blessing (in which imposition of hands we decline to join) that the Government was "in sympathy" with its main objects. Yet the second reading by 238 to 119 was, we learn, "a defeat of the Government." By taking much thought on assertions of this kind we have been able to frame the following syllogism. Divisions in which any supporter of the Government votes in the minority and divisions in which the majority for the Government is less than 335 are Government defeats; but all divisions are one or the other. Therefore, all divisions are Government defeats.

Thursday, the tenth of March, 1892, was a day to be marked with a white stone by the enemies of the House of Commons. Few things less creditable to that assembly have ever happened than the second reading, by 269 to 122, of Mr. FOWLER's Inhabitants of Eastbourne (Torture) Bill. That Bill stood condemned to every consistent Liberal by the fact that it goes in the teeth of the wishes of the inhabitants, to every consistent Tory by the fact that it encourages men to seek for relaxation of the law by breaking the law. There was not an argument for it but the unspoken and sorry one that there are Salvationists in every constituency. Yet it was read, as we have said, by something like five to two, Admiral FIELD making a capital protest. The rest of the sitting was miscellaneous, but not fruitless. Scarcity in India was talked about, Mr. CURZON making a statement, and Mr. MACNEILL being called to order during the discussion; a resolution of Mr. BALFOUR's for freeing Supply from the patriotic interruptions to which it has been exposed was, after three divisions, carried by 185 to 80; the Mombassa Railway vote was at last, after renewed chatter, got through; and an address for the reconsideration of the Gresham University Charter was agreed to. The House of Lords had earlier helped some Bills along their not too hopeful way.

The Gladstonians received yesterday week a severe rebuff in the Chertsey division of Surrey, where they had expected, not perhaps to win, but to reduce the Tory majority very considerably, as compared with that of 1885. They actually effected, after a vigorous canvass by an active and popular candidate, a reduction of rather over a hundred on the old majority of nearly two thousand in 1885. It is not, of course, for us to say whether they found much comfort in the retention of the seat for South Derbyshire, which Mr. EVANS BROAD achieved for them next day by a majority of twelve hundred and fifty—a hundred more than Mr. WARDLE's in 1886, but eight hundred less than that which the late member obtained in 1885. If this seemed to them, even in their

need of consolation, a remarkable triumph, no Unionist will be so cruel as to grudge it them. The vacancy at East Belfast was contested by Tories only; but the return of Mr. WOLFF by 4,748 to Sir WILLIAM CHARLEY'S 2,607 was satisfactory.—Mr. GOSCHEN made a spirited speech at Pimlico on Tuesday, devoting himself to the London County Council election; and on the same day Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, being entertained by the Liberal-Unionist Club, beat up the Gladstonian quarters in his very liveliest style, attending more particularly to Mr. LABOUCHERE and the Mombassa vote.—It must have been with regret, but not with surprise, that those who have watched the eccentric recent history of Mr. FARMER ATKINSON, M.P. for Boston, read on Wednesday that he had been put under restraint.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs.

The foreign news of the end of last week was almost featureless. In Monday's news the chief things were the serious illness from paralysis of the Grand Duke of HESSE, more fighting with the frontier tribes in Burmah, a rumoured split in the Behring Strait negotiations, and divers colonial items touching Portuguese and German operations in Africa.—The acceptance of Señor SAENZ-PENA as candidate for the Presidency of the Argentine Republic was reported on Tuesday morning, and excited some hopes of a better future for that country.—Cardinal LAVIGERIE has discovered that he is "like St. CYPRIAN," though we do not remember that St. CYPRIAN ever advocated ratting in politics from Royalty to the Republic.—On Wednesday morning accounts were published of the reception of Sir CLARE FORD, the new Ambassador at Constantinople, by the SULTAN; of the general election proceeding in Quebec, with special reference to the MERCIER scandals; of the hopes of the Free Silver party in the United States, and the difficulty which has grown up there in reference to the Behring Strait affair; and of a raid on the Mala Vita, the Italian secret society, whose doings were disclosed in the great trial at Bari last year.—On Thursday complete accounts of the overwhelming defeat of the Mercierites in Quebec arrived, the Conservatives having been returned in a proportion of more than three to one. It must be remembered that Quebec Liberals are not only Liberals, but for the most part Separatists as regards England, and in this case supporters of a shameless system of corruption. The result is, therefore, one for hearty congratulation as well as one thoroughly justifying the action of the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR in dismissing Mr. MERCIER, who, it is said, is to be promptly prosecuted. Mr. MERCIER has met this rebuff by an odd letter, wrapping himself in virtue and private life. But perhaps that prosecution may unwrap him a little.—A great deal more has also been heard about the Behring Strait matter, which remains a very awkward matter.—An attempt is being made to start the cry of religious intolerance in Turkey. It is to be feared that the average missionary rather misreads the example of his great forerunner St. PAUL. St. PAUL appealed to CÆSAR, but it was in CÆSAR'S country and as CÆSAR'S subject. He did not, being a Parthian, appeal to the King of Parthia to bear him out in proselytizing Romans.—As a finish to the week there were Anarchists in Spain, "unemployed" in Germany, and blizzards everywhere.

The Associated Chambers of the Associated Chambers of Commerce has been held during the week. Its Chairman was Colonel HILL, M.P. for Bristol, who gave an opening address, while on the following day—Thursday—Mr. JEPHSON made an interesting speech on East Africa, and the meeting was attended by Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, who spoke on the subject of Coast Communications during the day, and on the general state of trade at the dinner in the evening. At this feast Sir JOHN GORST and Mr. BRODRICK also vocally represented the Government, and the former announced that a vote would be proposed this Session for connecting the lighthouses with the telegraphic system.

The Law Courts.

Sir CHARLES HALL took his seat as Recorder for the first time at the Central Criminal Court on Monday.—On Wednesday Mrs. OSBORNE pleaded guilty, and appeals having been made for mercy, Mr. Justice SMITH sentenced her to nine months' imprisonment with hard labour. It is easy to be virtuous about the necessity of punishing perjury, and the equality of all persons before the law. As a matter of fact, the sentence imposed upon this unhappy lady for what (since the prosecution deliberately left the theft out of consideration) was practically an act of self-defence, is

infinitely heavier, in her circumstances, than any sentence, no matter how severe, on a housemaid or shop-girl could possibly be.

The result of last Saturday's election for the London County Council was, to speak frankly, a disaster, and we should rather like to know what Mr. RITCHIE thinks of his London *commune* now. This is not the place to examine details, though we may observe that comparison with the last election will show how irregular and inefficient was the work on the Moderate side. In Holborn, for instance, the Progressives, who won a seat last time, were beaten hollow by a good Moderate muster; while in Shoreditch not half the number of Moderates who voted three years ago took the trouble to oppose Lord MONKSWEILL and his colleague. But the result is instructive as a comment on the absurdity of what is sometimes called representative government. Of the votes counted on Saturday, in round numbers, 250,000 went to the Progressive and 175,000 to the Moderate side—that is to say, a proportion of 10 to 7. Therefore of the 96 members then elected, again avoiding fractions, about 56 ought to have been Progressive and about 40 Moderate. As a matter of fact, the Progressives got 70 and the Moderates 26. Also, to crown the absurdity, not half the constituency went to the poll at all; so that for three years London will be governed by the representatives of, as nearly as may be, one-quarter of its inhabitants. The Mugwump is among us with a vengeance!

The *Times* published this day week a rather amusing letter from an American threatening dreadful things as a result of English comments on the Chilean business. Probably most English newspapers have received such letters from the madder sort of Yankee of late; but it is not ill that one now and then should be rescued from the waste-paper basket.—After some delay the defence of celluloid buttons was officially undertaken on Monday; and Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER wrote to beg Unionists not to be discouraged by the County Council election, observing that even he might have been tempted to vote Progressive. If it could occur to Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER that it is possible for other people to have more than enough of Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER!—Much letter-writing was given to the world on Tuesday morning, the chief being a remarkable instance of "harking back" on the part of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who remembered the days of one "HISTORICUS" and wrote learnedly of *quo warrantos*. He was taken up by Lord BRAMWELL, to whom with questionable wisdom he had alluded, and there should be fun.—Mr. BEN TILLET communicated to the *Times* on Wednesday a resolution of some body or other about what COBBETT would have called "The New Cheat of Pensions for Workmen"; and, indeed, they are things not likely to commend themselves to strikers or agitators.

Sport. Cambridge beat Oxford at golf on Thursday.

At the end of last week it was announced that Science had triumphed, and has succeeded in depriving the nation of Mr. TATE'S pictures and his eighty thousand pounds to boot. But Science herself is left us, and with her what mortal would not be happy? A wicked mortal he, if such, indeed, there be.—On Monday it was reported that the *Eider* was actually floated, the blue slipper giving up its prey, and sou'westers having kindly forgotten to blow; but the report seems to have been premature.—The Duke of ARGYLL, who has hitherto sat in the House of Lords simply as Baron SUNDRIDGE, has been created, certainly not without having earned the dignity, a duke of the United Kingdom.—A deputation of cab-proprietors waited on Mr. MATTHEWS on Monday, and Mr. CRUMP, the independent Conservative candidate for North Kensington, very handsomely and properly withdrew on being invited to do so by Mr. BALFOUR.—A memorial to RICHARD JEFFERIES was unveiled in Salisbury Cathedral on Wednesday.—It was announced yesterday morning that the Durham miners had decided to strike, a decision which was understood to clench one of the most "anti-social" (we believe that is a favourite word of the politicians who like Trade-Unions) resolves on the part of an enormous number of banded men that have ever been recorded.

The obituary of Monday was headed, curiously enough, by two persons of the name of GREGORY, both very well known in politics and otherwise, but we believe in no way related to each other. Sir WILLIAM GREGORY was an ex-Governor of Ceylon, a politician of

fifty years' standing, with no blot on his record but a craze more generous than intelligent for oppressed nationalities, and a good judge of art. Mr. G. B. GREGORY was the principal representative in Parliament during our time of the "lower branch" of the legal profession.—Dr. NOAH PORTER was an American scholar of repute in English and philosophy.—France has lost M. MARTEL, a *centre-gauche* senator of very respectable character, and Admiral JURIEN DE LA GRAVIERE, who had not only seen a great deal of active service, but wielded a most fluent, agreeable, and learned pen on matters connected with his profession. He had views on the great question of triremes; could talk of ALEXANDER'S Indian campaign as if he had been Flag-Captain to NEARCHUS; thought, like other naval scholars, that the Carthaginians must have been but land-lubbers to be discomfited by DULIUS'S crows, and could even (though he naturally recounted with zest the triumphs of French over English ships) write with good taste and good sense of the British navy.—Mr. EDWARD PIERREFONT, of New York, was an American lawyer and politician of character and standing, who was for some time Minister to this country.—General Sir GEORGE HARMAN and Admiral PICKERING THOMPSON were distinguished members of the two services.—Lord DENBIGH was perhaps best known by a sentence attributed to him, which did more credit to his religious sentiments than to his patriotism, or, indeed, to his strict sense of chronology—that he was a Catholic first and an Englishman afterwards. But he was a person of blameless character, and the representative of a family whose double claims to interest have been immortalized in a famous sentence of GIBBON.

M. A. HATZFELD, the learned editor of the *Anti-Obituary*, new *Dictionnaire Général de la Langue Française* (Paris: DELAGRANGE), writes to correct a mistaken statement in a recent number of the *Saturday Review*, to the effect that he, as well as his colleague, M. DARMESTETER, had joined the majority since the work began. We correct our error with the greatest pleasure. That M. HATZFELD is alive is the better for him, for French literature, and for us, who hope to profit by his future labours as we have by his past.

THE MOMBASSA RAILWAY VOTE.

THE fortunes of the Mombassa Railway vote in Committee ought to have been by this time ancient history. But the debate finished too late last week to receive full notice here; it was too important to be passed with imperfect comment; and there have been postscripts and codicils to the transaction which have freshened it up. Such, for instance, was the conduct of the egregious Pr. CLARK, who, to revenge himself on Mr. BALFOUR for having "closed" him, and on the vote for being a vote calculated to do good to England, objected to the report being taken on Monday night, and actually had a final say on Thursday. Such, still more, was the most wanton and unjustifiable obstacle interposed in the way, not merely of this particular vote, but of Supply generally, and the Army Estimates in particular, by Mr. MACNEILL'S quibble about the conduct of the three East Africa Company Directors on Tuesday. It may have been a mistake in Sir LEWIS PELLY, Sir JOHN PULESTON, and Mr. BURDETT COUTTS to have voted; though, as we point out elsewhere, the enforcement of a hard-and-fast rule in such cases would be very severe and somewhat unjust. It might have been better if they had all, as Sir JOHN PULESTON actually did, admitted the excellence of the more excellent way. But it is quite clear that this would not have satisfied the MACNEILLS and the CLARKS and the MORTONS. Such, again, are some comments which have been made upon the matter abroad, and the very lively and important speech in which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN touched it on Tuesday. But, as we have said, it has sufficient importance of its own, without these additions, to justify a return to it.

The second part of the debate was much more business-like and serious than the first, albeit it was resumed by Mr. LABOUCHERE. Indeed, Mr. LABOUCHERE himself did his very best to be serious in "wanting to know." If he did want to know in a *bona fide* manner, Sir LEWIS PELLY, who followed, satisfied that long-felt want very well. And the speech of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, which came next, was praiseworthily moderate. The moderation, indeed, extended to the right honourable gentleman's knowledge as well as to his senti-

ments. All the efforts of Sir LEWIS, of Mr. BURDETT COUTTS, and of Mr. LOWTHER could not get into his head the fact that the Victoria Nyanza is a piece of water considerably larger than the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, and that Uganda is on the other side of it. "You said Uganda," retorted Sir WILLIAM almost exactly as Mr. Justice STARE-LEIGH observed, "She said on the jar." Also, if we could describe to Sir WILLIAM the ruth which enters our hearts when we find him describing the followers of Es SENOUSSI as "another powerful Mahommedan race," we are sure he would be grateful to us. But we must still ask, as we asked last week, why people whose very ground of objection is that they do not know anything about the matter—who out of the House confuse East Africa with South Africa, and in the House make statements which may be faintly paralleled by saying that the South-Eastern Railway goes to Denmark, and that the Wesleyans are a "powerful Christian race"—should obstruct a vote like this? The complaint that the Government had not given maps, documents, reports, information, what-not, is the merest absurdity. Even a member of Parliament is presumed to know something; and, since it is months ago that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT first stopped this vote on the same grounds, he surely might have employed part of his holiday in acquiring the information for which he thirsts. The maps demanded have, as was pointed out, been hanging in the rooms of the House of Commons; the Library is presumably not destitute of the books of African travel which everybody has been reading for the last few years; the very newspapers have contained from time to time information amply sufficient to furnish any man of ordinary intelligence and ordinary memory with all the knowledge he requires on the subject. Particularly barefaced was the demand for information in regard to the effect, actual or possible, of the vote on the slave-trade. We have said that for our parts we do not care to insist very strongly on that part of the argument. But it is a part of the argument which those who opposed the vote cannot afford to neglect, and are obliged at any hazard to answer. Mr. LABOUCHERE expressly informs us (and indeed it is fortunate that he does so, for we could hardly have guessed it otherwise) that he wishes to see the slave-trade and slavery put down. Almost every one of the opponents of the vote is by profession an oppressed nationality partisan, a believer in the rights of man, a humanitarian, and so forth. They, therefore, are bound to pay the utmost and most scrupulous heed to the argument that this outlay will help to diminish the slave-trade, while in their other capacity of retrenchment advocates, which again they are to a man, they are bound to attend to the other argument, that if you nip the land trade in the bud, the ineffective and costly attempt to gather the fruit at sea will become unnecessary. On this latter head there is not the slightest discrepancy between African travellers, and if African travellers disagreed, common sense would suffice to settle the question. As Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said on Tuesday night, "It is a fact which no one attempts to deny, on which every authority and every expert on the subject—missionaries, travellers, and persons engaged in commerce—are agreed, that this railway would, if made, deal an undoubted blow at the traffic in slaves." As Mr. JEPHSON, addressing the Associated Chambers of Commerce next day, said, slaves were made merely for the purpose of transport—he meant, of course, that the mere purpose of transport is one sufficient cause of slave-making; and in a country where beasts of burden cannot be used, it stands to reason that, as long as there is no railway, slavery open or veiled must be resorted to for the provision of carriers. It stands to reason likewise that, indirectly as well as directly, the railway, whether it interferes with domestic slavery or not, must interfere with that slave-trade which is a very different thing, and which is regarded with detestation by a great many people who think the horror of slavery *per se* somewhat exaggerated. A further argument of Mr. JEPHSON'S, that the money now spent by England on the suppression of the slave-trade by sea might as well be thrown directly into that sea, "for all the good it did England," might, for reasons to be presently noticed, produce little effect on the opponents of the vote. But, on the whole, it may be regarded as a fact undeniable, incapable of evasion by any sophistry, that they had before them all the information necessary to understand, not merely what was proposed, but what must be the effect of what was proposed, on a matter which every one of them professes to have at heart, and to regard as one of the very

first importance, imposing a sacred duty on every Briton. Dictionaries, nay libraries full of information could not have put them in a better position to judge than they are, were, and at least ought long to have been.

No; the plea of insufficient information will not do. But what will do very well is a glance at the names of the persons who began and ended this second day's debate. When upon such a subject we find Mr. LABOUCHERE opening and Dr. CLARK closing (or being closed), it is not excessively difficult to know what to think of it. The part which the member for Caithness played in the Transvaal affair is not quite forgotten, nor the part which the member for Northampton has played often. That Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT personally, and except in so far as it may suit him to play these other persons' games, has no particular objection to see England do her duty abroad, we can quite believe. It is fair to remember that he was not even a Home Ruler till long after they were. But he has need of them, and does not mind doing a day's work for them—to be repaid in due season. They on their part belong to that decidedly incomprehensible, but at all times it would seem existent, party of Britons to whom anything which promises to advantage the honour, the power, or the interests of Britain is *ipso facto* suspect, if not *ipso facto* horrible. It does not matter what it is, it does not matter where it is. Give them but a British interest to damage, a British flag to pull down, and they are happy and busy. This Mombassa Railway business was their latest opportunity, and they took it.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

WE do not think that those among us who are most inclined to fear that the "curse of the age" is lighting even upon the pious practice of honouring departed worthies will question the propriety of the tribute which has just been paid to the memory of RICHARD JEFFERIES. The bust which has been raised to "buried merit" in Salisbury Cathedral can scarcely be said to deserve Bishop WORDSWORTH's description of it as "tardy," or, at any rate, we do not think that the author of the line which the Bishop may perhaps have had in his mind would have admitted its application. Dr. JOHNSON would certainly not have considered that the appreciation which JEFFERIES received in his lifetime was so scanty and grudging as to expose his countrymen to the reproach of being a "nation 'slowly wise and meanly just.'" On the contrary, he would probably have been astonished at the singularly sympathetic welcome which was given to the genius of the author of *Wild Life* from its very earliest manifestation, and he would have been still more puzzled to understand how the popularity which his writings, at all events for some considerable time, enjoyed should not merely have failed to bring prosperity with it, but should not even have availed to avert something very like destitution. This, however, is a painful problem of which even his contemporaries can hardly profess to have arrived at any generally accepted solution, and which, as having been more than sufficiently discussed long ago, we may well pass by to-day.

One could have wished, perhaps—if the wish be not ungracious—for a more critically conceived and a more happily worded inscription beneath the memorial. To say of JEFFERIES that he "observed the works of Almighty God 'with a poet's eye'" is to show positive ingenuity in selecting the most doubly debatable description of his inspiration; and to add that he "has enriched the literature of his 'country and made for himself a place among those who 'have made men happier and wiser'" is to put an unquestionable truth about him in the least distinctive and most uncharacteristic of all possible forms. Such a legend would hardly furnish any future reader of it who should happen to be ignorant of JEFFERIES's writings and their merits with any very clear idea on the subject; but it is perhaps only fair to admit that an inscription on a monument to a departed writer can never be sufficiently informing to those who are not acquainted with his works, and that critical exactitude in describing them would be superfluous for those who are. Whether JEFFERIES will or will not be read by posterity—or read sufficiently to enable the "average 'visitor'" to Salisbury Cathedral in days to come to dispense with a study of this inscription—is a matter on which we shall certainly not undertake to prophesy. But it is certainly not in the county of his

birth, and in the cathedral of its capital city, that the memory of one who has so lovingly studied its natural beauties and described them with such singular charm should first grow dim; and it is that which gives its special appropriateness to the rendering to him of this posthumous honour. It was inevitable that a note of sadness should mingle with the ceremony, and it was a natural regret which was expressed by the Dean of SALISBURY in his remark that one could not help wishing that JEFFERIES had discovered somewhere that "good genius" that CRABBE found in EDMUND BURKE. And doubtless it is to be regretted for JEFFERIES's own sake. But the cases differ from each other, in that he was able to bestow on literature all that there was in him to bestow without the assistance of any patron whatever.

BAD POLITICAL COMPANY.

WE say elsewhere what seems to us sufficient about the political effect of the London County Council elections. Here we propose to make a certain feature of them the starting-point for reflections of another order. The degradation of the standard and aims of political life, and the lowering—we hope it may be only temporary—of the character of public men, of which some conspicuous illustrations have been given in the London County Council elections, are of evil augury for England. It used to be the fashion to represent municipal institutions as nurseries of local patriotism whence men might mount, as on stepping-stones, to the heights of Imperial sentiment, and to a sense of Imperial duty. The vestry and the town council were schoolmasters to bring their pupils to St. Stephen's and Downing Street. Sceptics were bidden to look at Mr. COBDEN and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, each in his time and place an Alderman. We are far from denying that there is a fraction of truth in this view. The habit of dealing with any sort of men and with any sort of affairs has a disciplinary value. On the other hand, the parochial or municipal politician is in danger of carrying into national and Imperial concerns the narrow view and the habits of jobbery and intrigue which, if not the essential property, are the almost inseparable accident, of local business. The notorious corruption of Federal politics in the United States is in part at least due to the fact that the House of Representatives is recruited in no small degree from men who have bought and been bought in the townships and counties, the representative Chambers, and the Senates of the several States. It is sometimes said that this is the fault of the superior person in America. The superior person, the man of high moral aims and intellectual cultivation, stands contemptuously aloof from public life in all its stages. We are inclined to think that the superior person is right. He could not get into public life, and still less keep in it, without laying aside his superiority, and lowering his moral and intellectual standard. The superior person, therefore, whenever he can, gets a Legation or Consulship in some European capital or great seaport. The WASHINGTON IRVINGS, the BANCROFTS, the MOTLEYS, the HAWTHORNES, the LOWELLS, and the MARSHES turn the light of their countenances eastward, and leave the United States to darkness and the Mr. BLAINES of the period.

We are sometimes inclined to think that the superior person in England would do well to act in the same way, at least as regards local politics. This misgiving is not weakened by the performances of Lord ROSEBURY and Mr. JOHN MORLEY in the London County Council elections. Those two eminent men, the most superior persons that ever were, felt three years ago that they had a mission to prevent that intrusion of party politics into the London County Council which would degrade it to the New York level. Now they are the most eager partisans conceivable. Lord ROSEBURY, declining nomination for the City on a non-political basis, accepts election for Finsbury as a Progressist, and though he takes exception to the name, swallows the thing, and urges all Gladstonians—he says Liberals, but we prefer to be more exact—to do the same. Mr. MORLEY desired to keep out all party cries and issues. He laboured with a zeal and energy which Mrs. PARTINGTON might have envied to do so. But as they declined to be kept out, why, in Heaven's name, let them come in. Lord ROSEBURY and Mr. JOHN MORLEY both illustrate the truth that when better and worse men associate for a common object, in itself legitimate it may be, they are pretty certain to be drawn into co-operation for other objects from which

the better men would have shrunk if they could have foreseen what their alliance would lead to. There is no truth better established in ironmongery and in metaphor than that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. It is almost as certain that the intellectual and moral standard of a political party will not be above that of its least reputable members. The inferior will drag the superior to a lower level rather than the superior lift the inferior to a higher one. To pull a man down a slope is easy, to pull a man up it is difficult. It will, therefore, be more practicable for Mr. JOHN BURNS and Mr. CHARLES HARRISON to drag Lord ROSEBURY and Mr. MORLEY down than for Lord ROSEBURY and Mr. MORLEY to hoist Mr. JOHN BURNS and Mr. CHARLES HARRISON up. Lord ROSEBURY and Mr. MORLEY are making a rapid descent, and the frantic manner in which they are striking their ice-axes in the slope shows that they know whither they are going, and how difficult it is to stop mid-way.

The apostasy from principle and the deterioration of character which are conspicuous in the electioneering tactics of which we have just spoken are still more manifest in the scandalous debate and division of last week on Mr. O'KELLY's Evicted Tenants Bill. That measure had for its aim the compulsory restoration to their holdings, with right of purchase, of tenants ejected for refusal to pay rents which they were capable of paying—that is to say, of tenants who were guilty of the fraudulent conspiracy known as the Plan of Campaign. For this purpose the tenants now in occupation, who have honestly acquired possession of their farms, and who are honestly discharging the obligations of their contract, are to be themselves evicted. The landlords, who have simply protected themselves against barefaced robbery in the only way open to them, are to see planted on land still nominally theirs these defaulters and plunderers. Two ex-Cabinet Ministers, Mr. LEFEVRE and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, were told off to falter out such defences as they could bring themselves to make of this monstrous measure. Possibly they were chosen, as the assassins of secret societies are chosen, by the drawing of lots; for it can scarcely be supposed that English gentlemen would voluntarily take upon themselves this discreditable task. In Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's case, indeed, it may be a part of that system of humiliation to which he is subjected as a penance for the brief flash of independence into which he was betrayed in 1886. But the members of the last Gladstonian Cabinet, who keeping a troubled, shamefaced, and conscience-stricken silence, yet voted for the spoliatory Bill, occupied a yet more ignominious position. Of Mr. GLADSTONE it is unnecessary to say much. He is marching through rapine to Downing Street; and any road, however muddy, which leads him thither is a *via sacra*. In the minority were found, among others, Mr. JOHN MORLEY and Mr. HENRY FOWLER. Mr. JOHN MORLEY in the earlier days of his conversion to Home Rule declared that the necessity was paramount of imbuing the Irish peasant with the spirit of legality—strict, formal, and even technical legality—and that the protection of the landlord against the tenant was now more urgent than the protection of the tenant against the landlord. Mr. HENRY FOWLER, only a few months since said that, though the Imperial Parliament could not prevent an Irish Parliament from doing foolish things, its authority would restrain it from doing things wrong in themselves. The utter worthlessness of these declarations was shown by the votes of Wednesday week. The only Ministry and the only party which could give Ireland Home Rule is pledged to acquiesce in the most nefarious projects. The power of restraint will be in the hands of abettors and accomplices. The familiar fable is illustrated anew. Mr. GLADSTONE, who called in the Irish Home Rule party to aid him in his contest with his political rivals, finds it mounted on his back, booted and spurred, and driving him whither it will. He is forced to pursue their ends by their means. If in '86 he could have foreseen '92, he surely would have retreated once and for all to Hawarden.

THE SERVICE ESTIMATES.

THE time has come round in which to speak of many things connected with the Services, and the speaking has not failed. It has been done in the form of explanatory statements in print or by word of mouth by the FIRST LORD and the SECRETARY for WAR, to which has been added a fair measure of what is called unkindly, but not inaccurately, the usual desultory discussion. On a rapid survey of the

naval and military sides of the whole, we again see why the SECRETARY should envy the greater happiness of the FIRST LORD. The Admiralty has the good fortune to deal with substantial things which can be tested, and are visible. So much iron, steel, brass, and wire, worked into ships, boilers, or guns, is something to show for your money. The ship may not make the estimated knots on the measured mile, the boilers may leak, and a percentage of the guns may develop cracks; but there they are, and if not as good as they might be, they can still serve. Matter of fact bears a reasonable proportion to matter of opinion in naval explanatory statements. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON can trust with confidence that his words will not be disputed when he says that his department has done solid work. The task set by the Naval Defence Act has been brought so nearly within sight of completion that the Admiralty can already begin to prepare for the building programme which must next be taken in hand. Ships have been launched and pushed on with creditable speed, and in good numbers. Guns have at last been provided on so large a scale that the armament is waiting for them. This is as it should be; for a gun in store is an available weapon, whereas a ship which cannot be armed is a mere show. No doubt there is room for dispute as to the value of all these instruments. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON will find that his highly favourable account of the successful steam trials will be disputed, and on good grounds in some cases. It is by no means satisfactory to learn that the *Blenheim* developed 14,900 horsepower at natural draught, or 1,900 more than was designed, and made 20½ knots, which is one-quarter knot over her estimated speed, when the result of her trial was to produce a leakage in the forward boilers. That only proves that her machinery cannot stand a severe strain. To be sure, the FIRST LORD cites the *Blenheim's* as an unsuccessful trial; but he does it somewhat with the air of one who says, "If these are my failures, judge how good my successes must be." Nearly the most acceptable part of the naval explanatory statement is that which informs us that the Admiralty has decided to be done with those overingenious and essentially feeble boilers which have caused so much trouble and waste in our navy. The building programme sketched by Lord GEORGE HAMILTON will probably be much discussed. It is very much a matter of opinion whether it is better to spend money on powerful cruisers, or on battle-ships and torpedo boats. The question is by no means an easy one to settle. Nobody has yet demonstrated, with any approach to thoroughness, what number of cruisers would be required to protect our commerce. It is obvious that, if our fleet of battle-ships is overmatched, our trade might be cut in its main streams in a fashion more fatal to us than the unchecked ravages of twenty cruisers.

When we pass from the navy to the army, we seem to take leave of fact altogether, and to get into a region in which there is no matter of knowledge at all, but only guesswork and opinion. To take one point as an illustration. If there is one statement about our army on which there is a complete consensus among the authorities, it is the youth of our infantry soldiers; but Mr. STANHOPE declared last Monday night that he was "enormously surprised" to discover how many long-service men there were in the battalions. The proportion of men who have served six years and upward is 231 out of 793. This is interesting, if true; but Mr. STANHOPE must excuse us if we hesitate before believing it, except under restrictions. Does it represent the state of things existing at one particular moment, or the normal condition of the infantry of the army, or is this result obtained by taking the Indian and Colonial garrisons with the force at home, and striking an average on them all? If this is the case, then the figures are misleading as to the condition of the troops at home. Mr. STANHOPE implied that his statement concerned only the battalions now within the four seas. If it is so, then we must acknowledge that not only the wilder critics, but more sober authorities, have often spoken very wide of the mark. The contradictory evidence of the condition of the reserve again shows the extreme difficulty of getting at the truth about the state of the army. Nothing is more commonly asserted than that reserve-men find a difficulty in getting regular employment. It has been said uniformly, not only by slap-dash writers of letters to the *Times*, but by responsible men. Yet we now learn, not only from the War Office, but on the authority of Lord WANTAGE's Committee, that there is no foundation for this belief. The Committee has taken evidence, which is to

be published. It may, of course, be found not to justify the Committee's view; but for the present the correction is of more authority than the assertion. These are but two examples among many of the absolute confusion which prevails about facts. As for the cases in which fact and opinion are inextricably mingled, in which speakers habitually advance their beliefs as evidence, or use the same terms in different senses, or persist in looking at one side of the shield only, they are beyond all counting. A particularly good instance of a combination of all these means of forcing a fallacy to luxuriant growth is the statement repeated by Mr. HANBURY after many others—namely, that our army costs too much per man as compared with the Continental armies. It may be so; but how is it to be proved? Does Mr. HANBURY allow for the respective scales for clothes, food, and barrack accommodation; for the worth of the rations and other things considered as mere material; for the market prices of goods here and on the Continent; and—what is a very important consideration—for the amounts spent by conscripts who receive money from their families in buying food, not only for themselves, but for their poorer comrades? This item does not enter into the Budgets of War Ministers; but it is a very appreciable part of the cost of Continental armies to the nations. Yet, if all these things are not properly allowed for, what, in the name of common sense and COCKER, is the value of the comparison? It may be noted that there is an absurd difference of some thirty pounds between the estimated cost of the British army per man as given by Mr. HANBURY and Mr. STANHOPE. We shall not attempt to decide which is right. Mr. HANBURY's figure is more plausible than that given by Mr. STANHOPE, who, we suspect, has divided the Home Budget by the total number of the army—a most fallacious method. Be that as it may, you cannot argue on such premises as these. A, B, and C must be fixed terms before you can repeat the formulas with them to any purpose.

To endeavour to arrive at definite results out of such desultory discussion as this is like attempting to make a figure with some material so soft and fluid that, though it will run into any mould, it will not keep shape. Not the least spongy part of this unsatisfactory matter is to be found in Mr. STANHOPE's own speech. He dwelt fairly enough on the excellent quality of the army in India, which we are not in the least inclined to dispute. But there is a consideration which he did not touch, although it is a most important one for a Minister whose duty it is to look at the army as a whole. The garrison of India must be fed from home. The men sent out must be of such age and service as qualify them for service in India. They must also have as much of the term for which they enlisted left to run as renders them liable for this service. Now, here is a test by which we may, at least, discover how far the home army serves one of the purposes, and perhaps the most vital, for which it is maintained. If there is no difficulty in obtaining drafts, then the home army is, at least, a sufficient nursery for the Indian garrison. If there is, then it fails to produce a sufficient number of men of the middle length of service required. As a matter of fact—on this point we have more to go on than guess and opinion—there is an increasing difficulty in finding drafts. Recourse has been had to makeshifts, and even so the reliefs have fallen short. There is, then, a failure at home, and we had the right to expect that the SECRETARY of STATE for WAR would say something about it. Mr. STANHOPE avoided this unpleasant place in the most complete official style. Yet this is the end of the string by which it would be easiest to reach and undo the tangle. The SECRETARY of STATE for WAR acknowledged gracefully enough that his department had erred from its general infallibility in its methods of providing recruits so as to be prepared for future demands. This is well. A confession of weakness by the great and good touches our common humanity, softens our manners, and does not permit us to be ferocious. But it has also been observed by sneering persons that a candid confession of a comparatively trifling mistake is a not uncommon manoeuvre with persons who are conscious of more considerable errors from which it is desirable to turn attention. The artless maid knows the wisdom of meekly confessing to the broken milk-jug when all the decanters are in fragments. We cannot but suspect that Mr. STANHOPE has observed as much. It is nice of him to say that even the War Office shares human weakness with us; but we could wish that he had worn his white sheet for a

more important matter. The serious fact is that the system of our army is bending under a strain it was never meant to bear. It is obvious that if, according to theory, 50 battalions at home should feed the same number abroad, and then, as a matter of fact, the foreign establishment is raised to 55 by sending five of the home force abroad, the whole economy breaks down—45 battalions have to feed 55, and, of course, there is a difficulty in finding drafts. This is exactly what has happened, and it would be an honourable and patriotic course for a Secretary for War to say so, and tell the country frankly that it must increase the number of battalions in the army in order to redress the balance.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT ON THE CONSTITUTION.

AT the moment of writing, a coat of a sober colour and grave, not to say judicial, cut is being slowly trailed in front of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. He has trodden upon it, but as yet (on Friday morning) with such gingerliness that we may almost neglect the treading. Still, Sir WILLIAM, to do him justice, does not run away at every fair; indeed, it is only lately, at the Parliamentary Donnybrook, and only there, perhaps, when the game of blackthorn is getting too absurdly hot, that he has taken to taking to his heels. He can still play a pretty cudgel enough in any bout where he has plenty of time given him to hit back in; and that is why we are a little surprised that he has so slowly and so faintly taken up Lord BRAMWELL's challenge. It is, indeed, a challenge almost impossible to evade without absolute discredit, the more so that it was gratuitously provoked. Sir WILLIAM went out of his way to drag Lord BRAMWELL's name into a controversy with which he had nothing whatever to do, and to refer to his opinions on a matter upon which, at present, he has not publicly expressed or been invited to express any opinions at all. The Irish judges, said this always severe critic of the judicial mind and temperament, would be extremely likely, if called upon to define "oppression," in the course of discharging the duty of taking order with misbehaving Irish County Councils, "to establish a code which would commend itself altogether to the sentiments of Lord BRAMWELL and Lord WEMYSS." Upon this Lord BRAMWELL writes to remark that, though it matters nothing what his sentiments are, nor what Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT thinks they are, yet he would be glad to be allowed to ask Sir WILLIAM, through the editor of the *Times*, what he does think they are. To refuse such a request as this would be, not only pusillanimous, but impolite. It is open to any man to conjecture the probable sentiments of any other man, upon a question hitherto untouched by him, but only on the terms of defining the sentiments conjectured if called upon to do so. Nor must his definition consist in the simple conversion of the original proposition. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT would be resorting to a miserable subterfuge if, after being called upon to explain his declaration that the Irish judges would be likely to establish a code which would commend itself to the sentiments of Lord BRAMWELL, he were to reply that the sentiments of Lord BRAMWELL are such as would induce him to approve of the code which the Irish judges would be likely to establish. We fear Lord BRAMWELL will yet point out to him the inconveniences of his position.

Meanwhile it is not uninteresting to examine Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's own sentiments with respect not to the extremely conjectural "code" in question, but to the clause in the Irish Local Government Bill under which the Irish judges would be empowered to establish it. It was magnificent to see the way in which the great Constitutional Controversialist turned without a moment's hesitation on "A Foreman of Irish Grand Juries" who had made "the profound discovery that a corporation may be dissolved by a writ of *quo warranto*." Such prompt and gallant tackling of a proud antagonist has not been seen since the great performance with the small boy in that other constitutional struggle which raged around the sedan-chair of Mr. PICKWICK. No man, indeed, is a better hand than Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT at making a Foreman of Irish Grand Juries sorry he spoke. Ay, truly, he exclaims, with scathing irony, a corporation can be dissolved by *quo warranto*; but what sort of a precedent is it, and what kind of a foreman should he be who cites it? The wretched man "seems to have qualified himself for his office by a study"—surely he might have done worse—"of STEPHEN's *Black-*

"stone." If he had possessed a moderate acquaintance with, &c., he would surely have avoided so fatal an, &c. The dissolution of corporations by *quo warranto* is "one of the most famous chapters in the record of the Constitution." And so forth and so forth, with much more of the same kind by way of preamble to the announcement that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, he too, is aware of and can quote HUME and HALLAM in witness to the historical fact that CHARLES II.'s judges declared the forfeiture of the City Corporation's Charter. We assume that he is also not unacquainted with the fact, though he does not mention it, that this, like the other charters voluntarily surrendered by many of the other corporations, were regranted again upon terms. But what Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has omitted to explain is the analogy which he supposes to exist between the revocation of a charter, with every franchise and privilege created by it, and the temporary substitution of nominees by the executive for representatives of a constituency whose one franchise interfered with would remain, though in suspension, intact. We are not ourselves wildly in love with the clause which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT attacks; but we fail to see—as we have, unfortunately, so often before failed to see constitutional truths to which he endeavours to direct our vision—that it shakes our liberties to their very foundation.

THE LAST OF MRS. OSBORNE.

THE brief proceedings in the Central Criminal Court last Wednesday were creditable to British THEMIS. Mrs. OSBORNE's case excited a great deal of natural and legitimate interest, as well as much silly and mawkish sentimentalism. Nor can it be said that the interest entirely disappeared with the collapse of the action for libel, and the admission of Mrs. OSBORNE's guilt. The story is still a very strange one, and must always remain so. People seldom steal, though they not infrequently murder, without an apparent motive; and under the many more or less plausible conjectures as to why Miss ELLIOT took Mrs. HARGREAVE's jewels, nothing like a substratum of fact is to be found. Of course, it may be said that we almost all want more money than we have, and that thieves only translate the general desire into practice. But among the comfortable classes theft is rare, and is usually traceable to speculation, to covetousness, or to some overmastering necessity of the moment. Miss ELLIOT did not covet Mrs. HARGREAVE's jewels; she disposed of them the day after she purloined them, and, indeed, she could not have kept them long without detection. It was not proved, or even suggested, that she gambled, and the greater part of the money was never spent. That, having turned thief, she should have screwed up her courage to brazen it out is not, perhaps, surprising. It may be that, as Sir CHARLES RUSSELL pleaded, she believed in the possibility of establishing her innocence without implicating her friends. But it must be remembered that the characters of the HARGREAVES were almost as much at stake as her own, and that they would have been irretrievably damaged by a verdict in her favour. As Mr. Justice SMITH put it, plainly and broadly, she "sat by her eminent counsel for days, instructing him that she was 'not the thief, and making it necessary for him to do what 'he did to suggest that she was not the thief, and that her 'friends were.'" All this time she must have felt that at any moment the elaborate edifice she was rearing might crumble, and that what actually happened might occur. It is arguable that Mrs. OSBORNE's conduct was not compatible with the possession of a perfectly sound and well-balanced mind.

Mr. Justice SMITH was sternly and judicially prosaic in passing sentence. Unlike Mr. Justice DENMAN, who, when the truth came out, protested that he had been sure of it all along, Sir ARCHIBALD SMITH said, "I myself do not know 'what would have been the result of your action had it 'not been for the interposition of a witness who was able 'to produce a document with your endorsement which 'told beyond all doubt on which side the truth lay.'" The evidence of identification would probably have been sufficient, and the imperfect alibi had already made Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's task a difficult one. But the cool and collected method of Mrs. OSBORNE's denial that she had ever been east of Temple Bar except to her brother's chambers would have staggered any one who did not know that the most mendacious witnesses are often the best. The sentence in mere length cannot be said to err on the side of severity, apart from the circumstances of

the prisoner. And the Judge had a right to consider the delicate state of the prisoner's health, the fact that she had been some time in gaol, and the extreme moral torture she must have endured. The Crown lawyers attached more importance to the perjury than to the felony, and from their point of view they may have been correct. Still an attempt to prevent justice is an offence against society at large, whereas, according to our rather barbarous system of criminal law, those who suffer from a robbery are usually left to prosecute the culprit. It may, indeed, be urged that stealing the jewels was the substantial offence, and that what followed was an elaborate and spontaneous form of pleading Not Guilty. Still, considering the humane and generous behaviour of Mrs. HARGREAVE, it is most improbable that, if Miss ELLIOT had confessed—or even if Mrs. OSBORNE had abstained from going to law—there would have been any prosecution at all. The moral of the drama is good, as far as it goes. The explanation of the riddle is imperfect. That Miss ELLIOT could have got money without stealing it her grandfather's subsequent liberality shows. Unsuspected motives would make an even more instructive record than undiscovered crimes.

BEHRING SEA AS BEFORE.

THE prophecy that a successor to the Chilean question would soon be found at Washington seems to be in process of ample and early fulfilment. No sooner was the arbitration treaty apparently put on its legs and the whole Behring Sea dispute, as it seemed, in a fair way of approaching settlement, than everything is loose again. Mr. HARRISON and his Cabinet have found means to give the question, which has been so useful before about election time, a fresh lease of life. If it were not that the interests of some of HER MAJESTY's subjects are concerned, there would be no small matter for amusement, or even for congratulation, in the turn things have taken. There is a certain annoyance in having to listen to the impertinence of Americans; but that is so old a fret, and so inevitable, that it is hardly worth taking into account. An ample set-off might be found, but for the said interests, in the admirable demonstration which the revival of the dispute affords of the futility of arbitrations. The large handful of faddists who believe in them had scarce recorded this new triumph of their principles when Mr. HARRISON was at work sending papers to the Senate with solemnity, and his Under-Secretary of State was writing hectoring letters, directed to the Irish boss, through HER MAJESTY's Minister at Washington. There is nothing in it all which should surprise any man. The conditions of American politics make a dispute with England useful at all times, and indispensable when a Presidential election is in sight. It was not to be supposed that the seal-fishery chopping-block would be lightly parted with.

The pretext on which the negotiations have been renewed and the arbitration treaty hung up in the Senate is Lord SALISBURY's refusal to renew the *modus vivendi* of the last fishery season. This arrangement was made for one year only, and pending an agreement as to the reference to the arbitrators. It had the practical effect of giving the Americans nearly all they demanded. Now that the matter to be submitted to the arbitrators has been settled, there is no further need for this *modus vivendi*, and it seems reasonable that the parties should use the sea on equal terms. "The 'urgent question,' so it has been very well put, 'is—' 'What does good faith, to say nothing of international 'comity, require of parties to arbitrations? Was such 'a thing ever heard of before as that one party to 'such a controversy, whether nation or individual, could 'appropriate the whole, or any part, of the contested 'party pending litigation without accountability?' As this is unmannerly, and the last words are barely English, it was obviously not written in the Legation at Washington. Still it is a statement of the English case. Strange to say, it is quoted from a despatch written by Mr. WHARTON, Under-Secretary of State at Washington, and published at once before an answer could be given, with characteristic American politeness. Mr. WHARTON goes on to write two sentences, which in the circumstances are really admirable. "It is no answer for the trespasser to say that 'the true owner will have an undiminished harvest next 'year. Last year's harvest was his also, and this Govern- 'ment has already been advised that Great Britain re-

"pudiates all obligations to indemnify the United States for any invasion of its jurisdiction or for injury done to its sealing property by Canadian sealers." Be it observed that the question is precisely whether a Canadian sealer in Behring Sea is a trespasser. That is what the arbitrators have to tell us, and it is also what Mr. WHARTON takes for granted. Further, that unheard-of proposal to "appropriate the whole or any part of the income or profits, much less the body of the contested property pending litigation," is precisely what the United States is claiming to do. If the arbitrators decide in our favour, will the United States indemnify the Canadian sealers for the harvests which they have lost by the *modus vivendi*? We have not heard that they propose to do so. Lord SALISBURY's offer to allow of the exclusion of Canadian sealers from a belt of sea thirty miles wide round the Pribyloff Islands concedes a considerable advantage to the Americans, but they want everything. To such a demand we do not know what answer can well be made except a refusal, unless we are simply to yield whatever the States ask. There seems to be no prospect that persistence in efforts to come to a friendly understanding with negotiators whose interest it is to keep the dispute open can produce results commensurate to the trouble they give. The whole attitude of President HARRISON and his advisers is that of men who are for ever seeking excuses for dispute, and who are encouraged by the moderation of their opponent to hector and wrangle. It seems idle to hope for really friendly relations with such negotiators. The simplest course, and that which in the long run might even lead to the most tolerable relations, would be to throw the responsibility of breaking off the treaty on America, and announce our intention of protecting the Canadian sealers. It is true that this might lead to a serious quarrel, since insults to England and downright provocation to war would always be popular in America, and would be the more likely to be made because Mr. HARRISON must be aware that he would enjoy the hearty co-operation of HER MAJESTY's present Opposition. But then these are the conditions which make it so idle to hope that moderation can disarm our contentious opponent.

THE POLITICAL EFFECT OF THE PROGRESSIVE VICTORY.

IT is possible that the exultation of the Radical, the dismay of the Conservative, and the impartial astonishment of the neutral at the result of the County Council election would have all alike been moderated if any one of the three had fully realized the attitude of the average citizen towards that event. A substantially correct estimate of it may be deduced perhaps from the following arithmetical formula:—As the interest taken by the average citizen in a bye-election is to the interest taken by him in a general election, so is his interest in a County Council election to his interest in a bye-election. In other words, in descending from the casual Parliamentary contest to the periodical municipal election his zeal and energy on behalf of his party undergo at least the same decline—and we all know what a decline that is—that they experience in the descent from the general election to the casual Parliamentary contest. And to affirm this proposition of the "average citizen" is to affirm it of the kind of elector who, from the nature of the case, is represented in an overwhelmingly larger proportion among the Moderate section of the constituents of the London County Council than on the other side. It would have tended, as we have said, to qualify the emotions which the recent election has aroused had this tolerably well-ascertained truth been borne in mind; and even now the discovery that it has been so strikingly illustrated may not have come too late to produce somewhat the same effect. For of the illustration itself there can be no sort of doubt. The highly-instructive statistics tabulated the other day by the *St. James's Gazette* have clearly shown that the decisive victory of the Progressives may be explained in the four words—abstention of the Moderates. A comparison of the polls taken respectively at the two contests reveals the fact that in eight fairly typical constituencies the Progressive electors mustered at the ballot-boxes on Saturday last within a fraction of the Gladstonian strength at the Parliamentary election of 1886, while the vote of the Moderates on the later occasion was from twenty to as much as fifty per cent. lower than the Unionist poll on the earlier one. With figures

like these to enlighten us, we hardly need even the specific testimony of the "energetic canvasser," who reports his failure to induce even as many as six out of fifty-seven Chelsea householders to "promise him to take the trouble to record their vote."

We are not, however, insisting upon these facts in any desire to minimize the gravity of the Unionist defeat. For a Unionist defeat, albeit upon issues to which that name has no direct relation, to all intents and purposes it is. It is, of course, true that the name is not convertible with that of "Moderate," and that the staunchest defender of the Union might conceivably be an adherent of Mr. CHARLES HARRISON in his views of metropolitan government. Nevertheless, it is as certain as most political certainties can ever be that this confusion of types is extremely rare; and there seems to us, therefore, but little substance in the solace which certain Unionists are endeavouring to extract from it. It is far wiser to assume that very few, indeed, of the electors who carried the Progressive candidates at the recent contest can be trusted to cast their votes for the Union at the next Parliamentary election. We had better take it for granted that the majority of last Saturday will vote Gladstonian to a man when that great trial of strength takes place, and further that their numbers will then be appreciably, though doubtless not considerably, swelled by the addition of other Gladstonians, whom even the vigorous canvassing of their Progressive friends did not succeed in bringing to the poll. This is, indeed, the most moderate estimate that can be safely formed, and it is only by rejecting one of the speculative inferences that the jubilant Radical is founding upon the late elections that we can confine it even within these bounds. According to the jubilant Radical, the municipal triumph is destined to enlarge enormously the dimensions of that Imperial victory on which he counts with such confidence. It is for its moral effect, he assures us, in this direction that he principally values it, and it was to secure the advantage which this moral effect would generate that he has laboured so hard to win it. It was for this reason, we are told, that so many eminent Gladstonian politicians took their coats off; it was because they regarded, and justly regarded, the County Council Chamber as the key of the metropolitan position, and its capture as an essential step in the prosecution of the "London campaign." Their success in this enterprise, exclaims the jubilant one, will impress the imagination of thousands of metropolitan electors of that familiar and numerous class which is so powerfully affected at a general election by the results of the first day's polling, and it will impress them in precisely the same way—namely, by persuading them that to vote Gladstonian at the next election will be to range themselves on the winning side.

There is no need, as we have said, to accept these speculative inferences as well founded; the expectations based on them are doubtless greatly exaggerated. But it is only fair to admit that the very notoriety of the Gladstonian calculations in this matter does, in some sense, add to the gravity of the recent occurrence by making the Unionist abstentions which brought it about appear more inexplicable or more unpardonable than ever. It destroys the last excuse that the minority might have put forward in justification of their apathy. For it is impossible in this case to plead the difficulty of getting the "average citizen," especially the average citizen of a city so vast and so imperfectly conscious of its municipal unity as London, to take any interest in a local contest. Every Unionist elector in London knew, or ought to have known—indeed, it would be absurd to suppose him unaware—that the contest was not a purely local one, but that in its import and its bearing it was virtually of an Imperial character. He could not but have known that his adversaries were everywhere representing the polling of last Saturday as a sort of test ballot on the question which of the two parties is to control the Parliamentary representation of the metropolis, and that in such circumstances his abstention from voting would amount to almost as grave a dereliction of duty as it would have been if he had neglected to respond to a summons to take part in electing, not a new County Council, but a new Parliament. That, under these circumstances, he should so largely have abstained from voting is a proof of almost criminal indifference to his most imperative political obligations.

Nor can the *faintants* extract any *ex-post-facto* excuse for their apathy from the fact, no doubt quite truly pointed out by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER the other night, that, although the battle was nominally fought on political

grounds, it was on social grounds, and social grounds alone, that the victory was won. For the ultimate damage to the political cause which the abstentionists profess to have at heart may be no less serious on that account. The consolations offered by Mr. GOSCHEN to the defeated party are well meant; but we do not feel quite sure of their prudence. He wished, he said, to impress upon his audience that it was not a political question which had been decided. The issues were totally foreign to their usual political action, and, although these facts raised the importance of the election in one direction, they diminished its consequence in a political direction. We do not feel at all sure that that is so. It is by no means clear to us that the "importance" of the late election, as an indication of the strength of the Radical vote in local politics, may not ultimately prove to be the measure of its importance "in a political direction." It will undoubtedly encourage the Gladstonians to lay more stress than ever upon their "social," as distinct from their political, programme, and who will undertake to say that they will not be able to do so now with greatly enhanced effect? The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER may or may not be right in believing that "there will be no apathy at the general election"; but there will be little consolation in that if the apathy which the Unionist electors have shown in the County Council election should have rendered their future exertions fruitless. We entirely share Mr. GOSCHEN's views on the subject of "croaking," and his dislike of the tribe of croakers cannot be greater than our own. But it is not exactly croaking to remind the soldiers of an army that they have lost an outpost by shameful negligence, and that the loss is only too likely to compromise the defence of their main position. Encouragement is for those who, having done their duty, and yet been defeated, might be apt to despair. For those who have brought defeat upon themselves by neglect of their duty there should be only rebuke and warning; though, if the spectacles of New York and Paris did not warn them, who shall say what warning will suffice?

CABS AND THE PUBLIC.

THE deputation of cab-proprietors who waited upon the HOME SECRETARY this week fulfilled the first object of deputations very satisfactorily. They set forth their grievances with great clearness and force. While one section only expressed any deep interest in the radius question, they all spoke with one voice on the burden of these grievances. Unless these were redressed, they urged there should be no change in the cab-laws. As to the extension of the radius, which the Vestries had proposed, the men of the inner or four-mile circle appear to be tolerably lukewarm, while those outside were resolutely opposed to a new radius. The five-mile radius, suggested by the Vestries, affected the public, as Mr. MILL put it, because the public had now to pay one shilling a mile beyond the present four-mile radius. Naturally, the shilling-mile men, from Forest Hill and other districts, are not less affected, and they were loud in protest, regarding the question from the one shilling as against sixpence point of view. None of them seemed to anticipate any profits from the increase in short journeys that their admission to the radius would yield. The objection of these men of the wheel to a radius took a somewhat curious form in the recommendation of one of the deputation. It was not a five-mile radius that Mr. ELLIOTT said they wanted, but a radius of five miles of road. This, of course, as Mr. MATTHEWS alertly observed, is but taking four and a half actual miles as a boundary. It is not a radius at all. This proposal, we venture to think, will not commend itself to the public, either as a smoothing of the ways or a simplification of present difficulties. Instead of the definite limit of a circle, we should have a complex boundary, which, considering the cabman's aptitude to act as his own "Paterson" in the choice of roads, will only intensify the dreadful uncertainty as to the distance traversed. In disputed cases, under the present system, the distance has often to be measured for the magistrate's satisfaction, and a "radius of five miles of road" will only add to the affliction of the passenger. Mr. CHAPMAN, who also advocated a prescribed boundary, instead of a radius, made the sensible suggestion that the lamp-posts at and beyond the boundary should be distinctively painted, though it would be well that the lamps should be coloured as well as the posts. But, though coloured

lamps may indicate the boundary to the nocturnal traveller, they will not assist him in the computation of the legal fare, or enable him to test the accuracy of the driver's demand. The wise will, no doubt, contract with the cabman at the start before making the venturous voyage beyond bounds, or he must exercise his wits at the journey's end, and compound with the driver.

The grievances of cab-proprietors, though in part due to their unsatisfactory business relations with the drivers, are on the whole very substantial ills. The popular idea of the licensed driver is, it seems, entirely fallacious. He is supposed to pay at least one pound a day for his cab, and the compassionate public, regarding him as the victim of oppression, have taken to over-paying him as a matter of course. But it is the way with deputations to deal in disillusion, and this fancy picture was rudely shattered by the cab-owners. Mr. SCOTT estimated the average price paid by cabmen during twelve months at twelve shillings a day; Mr. CHAPMAN's average price, at this time of the year, was about ten shillings; while sixteen-and-six represented the maximum price during the six weeks of the "season." These startling figures naturally surprised Mr. MATTHEWS, who assured the deputation that he had "heard of eighteen shillings" for a hansom. But all agreed that they have never received a guinea a day for a cab, excepting on the Derby day. Nor was there any certainty that they would receive the price of hire. They trusted the drivers, and very often were paid nothing. They could not compel the men to pay unless they signed an agreement, and they did not like to ask respectable men to sign an undertaking of the kind. Such is Mr. ELLIOTT's description of the extraordinary relations between cab-owners and drivers. There appear to be drivers who practise "bilking" on their own account, by refusing to pay for their cabs, having spent their earnings on themselves or their families. With regard to their liabilities for lost or stolen luggage, and the ills they suffer from "bilkers" and cab-snatchers, the deputation showed they had good grounds for complaint. Unfortunately, there really seems no remedy against bilking a cabman. The common "bilker" who sneaks down an alley easily escapes, and against the bold "bilker" who stands his ground in refusing to pay there is nothing but the slow process of "summons." As to the cab-snatcher, he is charged with "unlawful possession," not with theft, if he is caught, and if he eludes the law long enough to repaint the cab he has stolen, he is likely to escape altogether. It is hard, again, that cab-owners should not have their liability for lost luggage reduced to some reasonable limit. Railway Companies protect themselves in this matter by their bye-laws, but cab-proprietors, as Mr. SHARLAND remarked, are liable to an almost unlimited extent. When we are told that lost luggage cost one Association four hundred pounds in one year, we are not surprised to hear that the liability has ruined individuals and crippled Companies. The complaint of insufficient rank accommodation is intimately connected with the enormous number of prowling cabs that block the streets. Where were the loiterers to go? asked Mr. SHARLAND. If the cab-ranks are not sufficiently numerous, it is clear that there must be loiterers. The Chief Commissioner of Police observed that, as a rule, the cab-stand was to be seen empty and the loitering cab passing by. Mr. MATTHEWS, however, thought that the majority of loiterers purposely avoided the stands. But he proceeded to say that the loiterer's defence would be complete if there should be no accommodation within half or a quarter of a mile. This view of the question provides an easy plea for the loiterer and small consolation for those who complain. How, it may be asked, is the loiterer, who confines himself to one or two streets, to know of the precise condition of the cab-stands within a quarter-mile radius? When loitering cabs are observed by the public passing empty cab-stands, it would certainly lessen the congestion of street traffic to compel them to go upon the rank.

BOOTH LE FEUT.

IT is, no doubt, an excellent rule that the use of the mere crude terms of contempt should be avoided in journalism. There are obvious reasons for condemning the too frequent employment of words which are at the disposal of the most stupid of mankind as well as their betters. Still, the temptation to use the plain, intelligible, downright, and accurate adjectives and substantives is at times

almost irresistible. The second reading of the Eastbourne Improvement Act (1885) Amendment Bill, by a majority of 147 on Thursday night, is one of these occasions. It really requires no small effort to abstain from publicly describing the conduct of honourable members in the words which are currently applied to it in private life. We all know so well that, apart from a very small handful, they were inspired by nothing more respectable than fear of the Salvationist vote. An authorized Gladstonian organ lately told General BOOTH to be of good cheer, because there are Salvationists in every constituency, and there is only one Eastbourne. That Gladstonian journal put the whole matter into a nutshell. There is really nothing more to be said about the motives which decided the votes of the majority. It is, of course, effective, and even to some extent satisfactory, to point out to the partisan of local option that he is a silly man who does not understand his own silly principles when he would deprive Eastbourne of its power of deciding whether it will be deafened by brass bands on a Sunday or not. It is permissible to laugh at Mr. H. FOWLER when he talks about "the magnificent results achieved by the Puritans, the Methodists, or the Quakers." Would Sir H. FOWLER like to see the Salvation lads and lasses handled as the Quakers and Quakeresses were by the Puritans of New England? That is possibly a matter of history with which Mr. HENRY FOWLER is not acquainted. Flogging, branding, and other agreeable forms of recrimination were familiar enough as from Puritan to Quaker. It would be easy to tell the truth to the legal and Parliamentary gentlemen who think that, because the Salvationists are more or less teetotalers, they have a right to bray and caper where they please, or who are painfully anxious for the uniformity of the law, or who are shocked by the lawlessness of supporters of the law. But it is unnecessary to do this in detail. The votes given for the second reading on Thursday night were, with doubtful exceptions, inspired by the mere wish to placate the Salvation Army on the eve of a general election. When that has been said, we have accounted for the majority and need do no more.

The merits of the case have been stated again and again. They were excellently put to the House, both by Admiral FIELD and by Mr. J. G. TALBOT, who seconded the rejection of the Bill. It was agreeable to see how effectually Admiral FIELD brushed away the canting pretences of the Salvationists and their friends, and to hear the effective fun he made of them. But we are not at all sure that the most telling thing said against the case of the majority did not come from one of its members. That very remarkable member of the Bar who is HER MAJESTY'S SOLICITOR-GENERAL gave an explanation of certain notorious letters of his which is, we imagine, quite unique considering the person and his place. Being, as he is, bound by oath, place, and the receipt of a salary to prosecute all who break the law when called upon to do so, "he pointed out that, if "the Salvation Army were to stop in its barracks, and to "discontinue its processions with music, no notice would "be taken of it, and it would be perfectly hopeless "to come to Parliament and endeavour to get the law "repealed." The Salvation Army did not resist the enforcement of the law—certainly not. It only broke it as the only means it had of protesting effectually against "an exceptional rule of limited application which had been "brought into force without the free knowledge and sanction of Parliament." The Salvation Army, to state the case more directly, took upon itself to act as a revising power superior to Parliament, decided that the legislative body of this country had done its work badly, and then enforced its judgment by defying the law. In taking this course it had the approval and acted by the advice of the SOLICITOR-GENERAL. This Law Officer of the Crown told it that unless it broke the law it need not expect that any attention would be paid to its alleged grievances. Sir EDWARD CLARKE has allowed himself to push the privileges of counsel very far, and it would appear that the taste for seeing how far he will be allowed to go is growing upon him. In this case he has reached nearly the furthest point attained by the noisiest Socialist agitator. But the House said nothing. Those members who yelled at the prospect that two judges should have the right to dissolve an Irish County Council because it gave the Bench too much power over a popular body were not shocked when they were told that Mr. BOOTH is to revise their own Acts. They are quite prepared to work subject to the control of an advertising pseudo-religious quack. If there appears to be

any anomaly in this, it is explicable by the facts which we noted above. The Salvation Army has votes in many constituencies, and therefore, Parliament, Law Officers and all, is its very humble obedient servant.

SUBMERGED PARIS.

IN a previous article we gave some account of how the Parisian rag-picker lives. The industry is worth attention, for it is the ultimate expression of that spirit which, more than anything else, makes France the great Power she is—the spirit of minute laborious thrift. Rag-picking is of course done elsewhere, but not in this exhaustive systematic way; in other cities it is merely the haphazard work of the *ramasseur de nuit*. In Paris nothing is wasted, not the smallest scrap of paper; that which every one else throws away here becomes a source of profit. Old provision-tins, for instance, are full of money; the lead soldering is removed and melted down into cakes, while the tin goes to make children's toys. Old boots, however bad, always contain in the arch of the foot at least one sound piece that will serve again; and generally there are two or three others in the sole, the heel, and at the back. Scraps of paper go to the cardboard factory, orange-peel to the marmalade-maker, and so on. The ideas suggested are not always agreeable, and to see a rag-picker fishing orange-peel out of the basket is enough to make one forswear marmalade—but there is worse than that. The most valuable refuse—that which fetches two francs the kilo—is hair; the long goes to the hairdresser, while the short is used, among other things, for clarifying oils. Paris chiffonniers have a perfect passion for making the most of rubbish. In the Cité Maupy, for instance, there is a little detached house which is very characteristic; the exterior has been completely armour-plated with old tins beaten out flat and then painted. But this very instinct of theirs for turning things to account makes it difficult to improve their condition. Gifts of bedding and warm clothes in winter are useless, for they immediately sell them. Decently fitted rooms, again, are equally thrown away, for they tear the fittings down. It is, in short, the rag-picker's nature to be a kind of miser, and to be content with as little comfort as possible if so be he can make money. At the same time it must not be supposed that they are, as a rule, very wretchedly clad or starved for lack of food. On the contrary, they have a great deal given them by the servants of the houses they visit, in the shape of broken victuals and old clothes. In fact, they live principally on charity. Then their work is very regular all the year round, except in the summer season, when every one is out of town. Last winter was an exceptional time in which they suffered terribly, because householders used up all their own refuse to save fuel. Altogether they are a good deal better off than the labourer with a family who has been long out of work. This, of course, agrees with the universal experience that the greatest actual distress is to be found here and there among the more respectable classes.

What may be called the sub-industrial population of Paris is not exhausted by the 40,000 or 50,000 chiffonniers proper. There are also the people connected with the second-hand and old-clothes trade, who attend the linendrapers' and dressmakers' establishments, and dispose of the waste. Some 2,000 men and 20,000 women are employed in this business and in sorting the materials. In all, from 80,000 to 100,000 people may be said to be engaged in the business of utilizing refuse.

Morally the rag-picking classes leave much to be desired. There is a great deal of drunkenness (according to the French standard), and no little violence, among them; nor have they very exalted notions of honesty. If they can get a good chance to steal, they will not scruple to use it. They commonly practise what is known as the *vol à l'étalage*—that is, catching up as they go along the streets anything that comes handy. Their professional tools—namely, the iron hook and sack—lend themselves irresistibly to the execution of this manoeuvre. Thus in one way or another a good many of the baser sort become well known to the police. But, though they stand upon the invisible line which separates industrial from criminal life, and occasionally cross it, on the whole they are to be reckoned on the right side, in so far as they do work, possess homes, and respect themselves in a way. This is, perhaps, hardly so true of another very similar class, the hawkers and costermongers, who do not stand at all in good odour. Vagabonds by trade, they are often nothing else, and merge insensibly into the ranks of habitual thieves. Drink and idleness are enough to turn the scale. Many have no homes, but frequent the low lodging-houses, to be described in another article. It may be mentioned, however, that in Paris a man is not necessarily a vagabond

because he has no home. There are cabmen, for instance, in this condition. They sleep in their cabs, which have consequently earned a sinister nickname. Such a man works continuously for seven days without leaving his cab; on the eighth he puts it up and takes a holiday. As for the respectable labouring poor, they hardly come within the scope of this article, and it is difficult, as it always is, to get trustworthy information about them and their way of living. That there are vast numbers earning a scanty livelihood from day to day, and occasionally exposed to much distress from accidental causes, goes without saying. The record of last winter's "out-of-works," and of the night-refuges established for their accommodation, shows what may happen under unfavourable circumstances. But in ordinary seasons serious distress is undoubtedly less common among the real working classes in Paris than it is among our own, not because French workmen are better paid, but mainly because they are more industrious, more frugal, and perhaps more sober.

Descending a step in the social scale we come to the tramps. Vagrancy is illegal in France, and the police do their best to keep it down. In 1890, 13,164 persons were arrested for this offence in Paris alone. M. Macé, a former Chief of Criminal Police, has taken the arrests for one month during his term of office and analysed them thus:—1. *Nécessiteux*, 255; 2. *pareseux, récidivistes, mendiants*, 900; 3. *voleurs, repris de justice*, 426. Of the whole 1,581, only 141 were women. Class 1 are those who have lost employment through infirmity or misfortune. "Timid and ashamed, they suffer in silence, and rarely take to theft or begging; when bereft of every resource, they give themselves up to the police." Class 2 are the regular tramps, who won't work. In summer they sleep out in the open, in winter in unfinished buildings, vehicles, and the free doss-houses. They are beggars and thieves, who pretend that they want work, but will not do it when it is given them. Class 3 are hardened malefactors. They are better dressed than the previous class, from which they are recruited, and prefer cheap lodgings to the free houses; but they never stay two nights in the same place. This classification, from the hand of a most competent judge, throws an instructive light upon the question of the "submerged" and their reclamation. Out of a given number of these people, only 16·1 per cent. are found to have sunk through misfortune, and to be presumably proper and hopeful subjects for assistance; 57 per cent. are incorrigible rogues and thieves; and 26·9 per cent. habitual criminals. The results—discouraging as they are, and calculated to give pause to the most enthusiastic humanitarian—correspond with similar experience here, with this difference, that no account is taken of drink, the most important factor in the history of degradation in our own cities, and one which indefinitely increases the difficulty of reclamation.

And here we may take the opportunity of saying a word about the drink question in Paris. Drunkenness there is—we shall see something of it presently—and when it exists it produces the same effects as elsewhere; namely, personal violence and social degradation, especially the former. But the total amount is so small as to be disregarded in estimating the causes of poverty and crime; it is hardly mentioned in any books dealing with those subjects. The poorer streets of Paris are crammed with low drinking dens, but you may walk the town for hours at night without seeing a single drunken man. Now and then you will see one or two; in the day-time never. In truth, they hardly know what drunkenness is, according to our notions. The reason is that the common people down to the rag-pickers and thieves nearly all drink claret by preference, and their plentifully watered *vin ordinaire* is not nearly so strong as the washiest of public-house beer. Much has been made of the absinthe-drinking. It certainly is a most potent spirit, of which twopennyworth will go further towards intoxication than sixpennyworth of common gin; the man who takes seriously to it is lost. But comparatively few do. You may go into the *Aux Vrais Buveurs d'Absinthe*, or any of the thousand and one little cabarets scattered everywhere, and you will see nineteen out of twenty of the customers taking syrups or claret. In 1890 the total number of persons arrested for drunkenness was thirty-eight; it is unnecessary to say more.

To return to the vagabonds. There is one special class of loafer the mention of whom leads us at once into the heart of the criminal question. This is the *souteneur*. General attention has been drawn to the class by recent revelations in Berlin, which have led to repressive legislation; and we have heard something of it in our own police-courts. Probably the *souteneur* exists in every large town; but Paris is his native home. In London he is comparatively rare, and nearly always a foreigner. In Berlin he is apparently to be counted by hundreds, but in Paris by tens of thousands. Further, the term has come to be synonymous there with habitual criminal; for all *souteneurs* are criminals, and the majority of criminals are *souteneurs*. To name one is to suggest the other.

Indeed, according to Chief-Inspector Rossignol, who speaks with the highest authority, the *souteneur* is always a thief. He begins by the *vol à l'étalage* (shop-lifting), then takes to false keys and burglary. In other cases he becomes a sharper frequenting racecourses and practising various swindles, such as the three-card trick or ringing the changes. His only harmless occupation is fishing in the Seine, and numbers may be seen doing this every day. When the place becomes too hot to hold him he retires to Brussels, London, or America with his partner and starts business there. But sooner or later he returns to Paris. He may either end his days in New Caledonia or on the scaffold, like Pranzini, Prado, and Eyraud—all *souteneurs*—or he may save money, marry his partner, and set up a wine-shop or house of ill-fame. All *souteneurs* are thieves and swindlers. Not one ever does any work; but, to prevent proceedings, they have always a friend who will furnish a certificate of work. Their number, already great, is always increasing; for they know that the police are powerless against them since the abrogation of the law of July 1852, and do not hesitate to avow their means of livelihood. They form, in fact, a recognized section of the community, and wear something like a distinctive costume, unmistakable to the experienced eye. M. Aristide Bruant, the witty satirist of low life and host of that thoroughly Parisian place of entertainment, the Café au Mirliton, has even devoted to them a volume of verses entitled *Dans la Rue*, as being one of the most salient features of street life. Thus are criminals bred from idleness and fostered by vice. These atrocious creatures—with others yet worse—are the visible sign and outcome of that all-pervading depravity which is to Paris, even more than drink is to us, the invariable ally of crime and degradation. That these statements are not too strong is proved by the record of the criminal courts. The evil is exceedingly great—greater than can be either imagined or described—and constantly increasing. That, at least, is the universal opinion held by the police, whose duties bring them into daily conflict with it in one shape or another.

THE INDEPENDENT THEATRE.

THE poor cat in the adage is forcibly suggested by those unfortunate people, the directors of the Independent Theatre. They would like to revel again in *Ghosts*; they would, if they were less like the poor cat, out-Thérèse Thérèse Raquin; but the extremely judicious action of the Lord Chamberlain prevents these devotees of art from carrying out their little project. The Chamberlain has made no fuss. He has simply let it be known that, if unauthorized plays were produced at any theatre over which he had control, it was exceedingly probable that when the lessee came for a renewal of licence the request would not be granted, and the Independent Theatre Society had consequently to provide a programme of a sort very different indeed from that which it must be assumed, from the precedent of *Ghosts*, it was intended to purvey. Of the three plays acted at the Royalty under the auspices of the Independent Theatre Society last week, one was quite reputable, and bore, indeed, in its original form the imprimatur of the Comédie Française; and though the other two both deal with seduction—which, tastefully varied by adultery, seems to be, in the view of the Society, the foundation of all dramatic art—there is nothing particularly offensive about one of them, *The Minister's Call*, except, indeed, its dullness and stupidity. As for the other, *A Visit*, the admirable discretion of the Licensor in removing some exceedingly disagreeable details which in no way tend to a better comprehension of the piece has kept it as nearly within the limits of good taste—which has more to do with true art than the Independent Theatre Society can possibly imagine—as circumstances permit. With regard to these excisions Mr. William Archer, the adapter of *A Visit*, printed the suppressed passages, and caused them to be distributed in the theatre; and this was not wise. If Mr. Archer had told us that these suppressions had made a highly moral play appear immoral, we should of course have accepted the assertion (wondering what the passages could possibly have been), and paid some heed to his protest that he had been hardly used. By printing them, however, he permits us to see how entirely needless they were, and how well the Licensor was advised in striking them out. We are not, it is hardly necessary to say, in the slightest degree straitlaced, or blind to the value of illicit passion as a dramatic theme. Without it, indeed, drama would almost cease to be. It is not that, but the needless intrusion of nasty detail, to which we object. Here Repholt seduced Florizel, as Faust seduced Marguerite, and Thornhill Olivia. That is well, except that there was in the tragedy of Goethe and the novel of Goldsmith the excuse of love, which in this vulgar Danish play is wholly absent; for Repholt meets the

girl in the afternoon and persuades her to stay with him at a hotel the same night; and Mr. Archer is furious with the excellent Licensor because he is not allowed to dwell on the victim's "desperation at daybreak." The Licensor did admirably.

M. Théodore de Banville's pretty conceit, *Le Baiser*, is surely too well known to need any description. Mr. John Gray has translated the little piece in rather clumsy and commonplace fashion, and the lines of Urgèle were ill spoken by Miss Edith Chester, who is obviously unskilled in such enterprises. The Pierrot of Mr. Bernard Gould was of a very different complexion, and marked by something of grace and imagination. Of *The Minister's Call*, the piece founded by Mr. Arthur Symonds on Mr. Frank Harris's story called, with quaint inaptness, *A Modern Idyll*, it is possible to say no good thing. There was a certain amount of rough force in the narrative, which describes the passion of the Rev. John Letgood, a Kansas Baptist minister, for the wife of one of his deacons, and his refusal of a "call" to Chicago on condition that she will become his mistress; and there was also a certain grim humour in the efforts of the deceived husband to get up a purse for the minister as some compensation for what is mistaken for self-sacrifice and devotion to duty, careless of earthly reward. In the play the minister makes love to the woman, and begs her to fly to a distant country. She is a very commonplace courtesan, with a practical mind, and she points out that they have no money to enable them to reach that country, nor any to live on when they arrive; but she intimates that she can be tender-hearted where they are. The eccentric pastor is quite shocked. The idea of adultery in Kansas horrifies him; if it were committed in a neighbouring State just across the frontier, he thinks his curious conscience would not trouble him. It is to be feared that the directors of the Independent Theatre Society do not possess much sense of humour. Miss Gertrude Kingston realized the character of the frivolous wife.

The subject of *A Visit* has been indicated. Emil Repholt, paying a visit to his friend Kai Neergaard, relates to him how one day he met on a steamer and promptly seduced a young girl whom he has never seen since; but whom he soon after recognizes as his host's bride. Artistically the play is bad, because the distress of Mrs. Neergaard, when she knows that her husband has found out her escapade—he is not deceived by this very eccentric innocence theory—is long drawn out and grows monotonous. Neergaard, though, as it will be seen, not quite a fool, is a prig, and talks like one—at considerable length. Miss Olga Brandon represented the distress of Florizel with much earnestness, and Mr. Arthur Bouchier played skilfully as Repholt. The entertainment, as a whole, was much inferior to that given under ordinary circumstances at a recognized theatre of repute, and now that the Licensor has so very properly asserted himself, it is difficult to see what special function the Independent Theatre Society can fill.

DAVIE DEANS'S FRIENDS.

"**M**ONY an afternoon he would sit and take up his testimony again the Paip, and again baptizing of bairns, and the like," said Mrs. Butler. "Woman!" reiterated Deans, "either speak about what you ken something o', or be silent; I say that Independency is a foul heresy, whilk sould be rooted out of the land wi' the fire o' the spiritual and the sword of the civil Magistrate." This is a well-known example of Cameronian toleration, whereto may be added "Out upon your General Assembly, and the back o' my hand to your Court o' Sessions." Mr. Deans is made to hold this high and impartial testimony about the year 1738, and it is very pleasant to learn that, even in 1749, the Auld Leaven was as keen as ever, and was "swearin' at lairge" with an energy worthy of Mr. Carlyle. Indeed, when we come to think of it, Mr. Carlyle himself was only a belated Cameronian, with no particular belief of his own, but with the rich full-bodied Cameronian power of cursing everything and everybody. There exists, for the enjoyment of mankind, a Cameronian set of manifestoes—"The Active Testimony of the Presbyterians of Scotland" (there seem to have been two of them), "being a brief Abstract of Acknowledgment of Sins" (other people's), "and Engagement to Duties," &c.

As also—"A First and Second Declaration of War against all the Enemies of Christ at Home and Abroad." A Fourth, "Containing a Declaration and Testimony against the Late Unjust Invasion of Scotland by CHARLES pretended Prince of Wales, and WILLIAM, pretended Duke of Cumberland, and their Malignant Emissaries." And Five valuable Papers besides, all being the Second Blast of the *Trumpet*. Printed in the year M.DCC.XLIX.

There is no printer's nor publisher's name to this work of

agreeably impartial sedition. But it is gallantly signed by John Halden and James Leslie, who were the Johnny Dod and Davie Deans of the period. In a preface they put out their tongues at "Laodicians and the Job-trot Professor"—that is, the Presbyterian who does not go all lengths with Johnnie Halden and Jamie Leslie. "No doubt at these simple but sound papers, the Criticks will carp, the Rabshakehs will rail, the Merethasins or the two Rebels will rage and rave, the bloody Hounds will gape and threaten to devour and swallow up as the grave." No Hounds of any quality took the slightest notice of Johnnie and Jamie, but they had grown accustomed to the simple eloquence of their own style, and ranted as if they had been on a hill-side.

The sins which Jamie and Johnnie bewail begin with the Westminster Confession of Faith, wherein infidelity or difference of faith does not make void the magistrate's just and legal authority. This is shown to be absurd:—"The Case betwixt us and the present Dominators"—the House of Hanover—is to the point. The next awful sin is the confession that the Law of Moses does not apply to a modern State. It does apply; the whole of Europe, except Jamie and Johnnie, is guilty of worshipping the Image of the Beast. Thirdly, Charles I. was not punished as he deserved; though what Jamie and Johnnie would have done to him does not appear. Next, there is the sin of submitting to Cromwell, followed by the sin of restoring Charles II. Then there was "the wicked, deceitful, and Hell-hatching Tolerations, and all the affairs of the Bloody, Idolatrous, Jesuited Papist, James, Duke of York," followed by the sin of receiving William, Prince of Orange; Anna, Princess of Denmark; and the Georges, Dukes of Hanover. It will be remarked that Johnnie and Jamie are perfectly indiscriminate, no respecters of persons, but zealous to declare right-hand fallings-off and left-hand backslidings. "Therefore we hold and esteem it a grievous sin to own, maintain, support, or defend the present Duke of Hanover." Church and State "are at this day entirely composed of Malignants and abominable sectaries of all sorts, and of monstrous shapes and frightful visages." Nothing can be more candid.

Next comes "the sin of the Dissenting Party," which dissented from Jamie and Johnnie. They showed their viperous malignity by not going all lengths with that singular savoury miscreant, Hackston of Rathillet, and pious Balfour of Burley. Thus they "overtuned the very principles of a Covenanted Reformation." In opposition to such wicked men, Jamie and Johnnie solemnly engage, by their united efforts, "to cleanse the land of all Hereticks"—that is, of every one who does not agree with Jamie and Johnnie. Popery, Prelacy, Erastianism, and Sectarianism (which is the sin of differing from Johnnie and Jamie) are to be put down, also all Vice, Superstition, Immoralities, Stage Plays, Sabbath-breakers, Swearers, Adulterers, and all Profanity whatsoever. By these means they hope that "our Elder Brethren, the long rejected Jews," may be brought into the Cameronian fold. Johnnie and Jamie, in the plentitude of their generosity, promise to assist the Hebrews in recovering the Land of Canaan, whether they like it or not. In fact, nothing short of a Cameronian Crusade is intended, and we may imagine James and John leading a Semitic force to the coasts of Palestine, and bringing on the Eastern Question in its most virulent form. Ah, if Professor Blackie had only lived then, to wield in the van that umbrella which is advertised in connexion with his graceful form! While these three men held together, who knows what might have happened? For Jamie and Johnnie next go on, quite seriously—for a joke is not in them—to declare war against Turk, Pope, and Prelate, and "the accursed Union, which we hereby expressly disclaim, renounce, and abrogate." The Elector is then tersely described as a foreigner of a false religion, while the Pretender is "a gross idolater, a sworn slave to Antichrist, and should die the death." Poor "old Mr. James Misfortunate" in Rome little knew what risks he ran. "We hope by God's strength doubly to repay him and his adherents." In a second declaration of war Jamie and Johnnie carry their victorious arms against (hear it, Professor Freeman, and attend, Mr. Gladstone) "the thrice cursed, rapacious, ravenous, and bloody House of Austria." They next damn the blood of the House of Savoy "in terms unworthy of a Chairman," as the Chevalier Bourke has it. The House of Savoy is "a violent and virulent Tyger." "They ought and may get blood to drink." Next, turning their attention to home politics, the Cameronians curse "the sacrilegious Throne of Britain and the possessors thereof," for their alliance with these "idolatrous, bloody, butchering Belials, the Austrian Jezabel, and Sardinian Ahab, and now with France, Spain, and Italy, and all the Limbs of Antichrist." The pestilential sect of seceders catch it next "for their mad and stupid Loyalty to the Idolatrous throne of Britain." This particular set of curses was "given at Hemlock Ridge" by John and James.

Then comes a particular commination against "the two young Pretenders, Charles and William," who, perhaps, were never cursed in company before; "for, altho' like Sampson's

Foxes, their heads are asunder anent their worldly interests, yet their tails are unite about the Dragon's neck." Poor Charles is denounced for "invading our land with seven men"—the Seven Men of Moidart—"without ever declaring what Religion he held," and, indeed, he was as unprejudiced as good Captain Kirk. The Captain being asked by James I. to become a Catholic, said he was unluckily engaged to the Bey of Algiers to become a Mahomedan, if ever he did change his religion at all. "Also," and this is excellent, "we reckon it a great Vice in Charles, his foolish pity and lenity in sparing these profane, blasphemous Red-coats, that Providence put into his hand, when by putting them to death this poor land might have been eased of the heavy burden of these Vermin of Hell, and he would have had fewer to have foughten against him, and guarded his people to the Gallows." There speaks the auld leaven of Drumclog and Philiphaugh; these are the sincere utterances of the Honest Men. The Duke of Cumberland suffers next, not for his foolish pity and lenity. His soldiers, especially the Germans (who behaved particularly well), are "mad, unclean Beasts." Johnny and Jamie give a very pitiful account of the Butcher's atrocities after Culloden, which, perhaps, may be a trifle exaggerated, for James and John are very dauntless rhetoricians. The juries which condemned the Jacobites are "the very scum of England." Royal Birthdays are next fulminated against, and, after damning "Wicked Porteous" (the Porteous of *The Heart of Mid Lothian*), this precious testimony ends, Johnnie and Jamie having relieved their feelings in an exemplary manner. They are a pretty pair of survivors, infinitely more bigotted than Gifted Gilfillan, who fought for the Hanoverian Usurper, and so comes in for his share of condemnation with the rest. But Messrs. Leslie and Halden really kept up the fine old spirit of Cameron and Cargil, though nobody was so foolish as to hang them at the Grass Market. There are some who maintain that the book is a jest broken on the Cameronians. But they were not important enough to call for a jape so long—and so expensive.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE fall in the gold premium at Buenos Ayres to 240 per cent. is inspiring the hope that at last political confidence is returning in the Argentine Republic, and that the economic condition of the country is improving. It is true that the depreciation of the currency is yet very great; 340 paper dollars exchange for only 100 gold dollars, or to put the matter a little differently, the paper dollar, which is nominally worth 50d. of our money, really exchanges for only 14½d. It is also true that the exchange is fluctuating rapidly. A couple of weeks ago the premium was somewhat lower even than it is now; then it went up sharply again; once more it has fallen and then slightly risen. But it is a matter of course that there should be fluctuations in the decline of the premium, just as there were when it was mounting up rapidly; and as for the greatness of the depreciation, it is to be borne in mind that at one time last year the premium was as high as 361 per cent.; that is to say, 100 gold dollars exchanged for 461 paper dollars—the paper dollar was worth little more than 10½d. sterling. That it has risen from about 10½d. to about 14½d. is a very considerable improvement, and seems to warrant the hope that the premium will fall further, or, to speak in more intelligible language, that the purchasing power of the paper dollar will rise. Under the agreement entered into by Lord Rothschild's Committee with the Argentine Government immediately after the Baring crisis, the payment in cash of the interest on the Argentine National Debt, except the 1886 Loan, was suspended for three years. The Government, therefore, is excused at present from sending gold to Europe, and that of itself ought very materially to improve the purchasing power of the dollar. Just before the crisis the Argentine Government, to keep faith with its creditors, was compelled to issue large amounts of paper money for the purpose of buying the gold that it had to send to Europe to pay the interest on the debt. If that system had gone on, there is no knowing how high the premium might have risen; but the suspension of interest payments for three years enables the Government to stop issuing paper—at all events in payment of interest. Immediately after the crisis the Government also had to issue a good deal of paper to enable the banks and the Municipal Government of Buenos Ayres to maintain their credit. For a considerable time past there have been no further fresh issues, and that, again, ought very materially to improve the value of the dollar. Still, as long as politics were uncertain it was not likely that confidence would completely revive. Up to the present it has been very doubtful how the Presidential election would result; but now it seems probable that Señor Saenz-Pena will be elected. He has been adopted as candidate both by the National and the Union Civica Con-

ventions, and the platform upon which he is to stand—to use an American term—is full of the very best professions. Of course, there is a long way between promise and performance, and also we have to bear in mind that Señor Saenz-Pena is an old man. Still, his character is high, and as the best elements in the Republic support him, we seem to have grounds for hoping that his Administration will be a very great improvement upon those of his predecessors for some years past. If he is elected and acts on the principles of his party, then everything possible will be done to restore the credit of the Republic, to repair the errors of the past, and to introduce a better financial system in every direction. One thing he is pledged to is a considerable reduction of the paper currency, and if that is carried out the value of the dollar will necessarily rise. Lastly, the high premium on gold has greatly checked imports into the Argentine Republic, while it has correspondingly stimulated exports—that is to say, for nearly two years now the Argentine people have been buying less from the rest of the world than for many years before, while they have been selling decidedly more. The balance of trade is consequently now in favour of the Republic; and as the Republic is not paying in cash the interest upon its debts, while, as just said, the rest of the world is indebted to it for the exports it is selling, that again tends to raise the purchasing power of the dollar. There is little doubt, then, that the paper money would rapidly rise in value if political confidence were really restored. In April the elections for the Electoral College will take place, and if there is a decided majority of electors pledged to vote for Señor Saenz-Pena, then it may be hoped that confidence will improve rapidly, and with improving confidence there will be a great change for the better in the economic condition of the country. Until the autumn the new President will not be installed in office, and some time will have to elapse before he can choose his Ministers and declare his policy to Congress. A real revival of confidence, therefore, can hardly be looked for until some time next year; but the mere fact that a candidate is chosen in whom the best elements of the country put their trust cannot fail to have a very beneficial influence both upon the value of the paper money and upon general business throughout the country.

The money market has been again easier this week, and the rate of discount in the open market has fallen to 1½ per cent. Trade is declining, speculation is at a standstill, all over Europe rates are very low, and are likely to continue so for months yet. Gold is being exported from the United States, and from this time forward it is to be expected that the payments out of the Exchequer will exceed the receipts. We are likely, therefore, to have for months yet a very easy market.

The price of silver fell on Wednesday to 41½d. per oz. The sales of Bills and Telegraphic Transfers by the India Council on that day were considered unsatisfactory. The drought in India, too, is unfavourable to the market, and the American speculators appear hopeless of sustaining prices. Every one, moreover, is now convinced that the Free Coinage Bill, though it may pass the House of Representatives, will probably be thrown out by the Senate, and even if it is not, that it will be vetoed by the President.

At the fortnightly settlement on the Stock Exchange, which began on Wednesday morning, the account to be arranged was found to be reduced, and money was in plentiful supply at low rates. The market in consequence somewhat improved. At the same time, the alarmist rumours that were circulated some time ago have quite ceased, and a more hopeful feeling prevails; especially there is a fairly good demand for sound investment securities. On Wednesday, for example, a million and a half of Manchester Corporation Three per Cent. Redeemable stock was offered for tender by the Bank of England. The applications amounted to 4½ millions, and the average price was nearly 1½ above the minimum. The success of the issue had a very reassuring effect upon the investment market. Still more favourable has been the influence of the reports from Buenos Ayres received during the past week, and referred to above. The fall in the gold premium, the prospect of an uncontested Presidential election, the improvement in trade, and the renewal of immigration from Europe, are all excellent symptoms, and there has consequently been a considerable rise in all Argentine securities. At the beginning of the week some apprehension was excited in the market for American securities by the decision of the Government of the State of Pennsylvania to take up a hostile attitude with regard to the combination of the Anthracite Coal Railroad Companies. It is now thought, however, that the action will come to little, and at all events it is believed that the combination will be maintained, even though some modifications may have to be introduced into it. The Erie Railroad Company has joined the combination, having entered into an offensive and defensive alliance with the Reading Company. On Wednesday,

therefore, there was an improvement in New York, which has further increased courage in London. On the other hand, the Continental Bourses are weak. The leading operators both in Paris and in Berlin are taking advantage of every favourable opportunity to sell. This is not surprising, for the condition of most Continental countries is very disquieting. The famine is growing worse and worse in Russia; Portugal is in a deplorable state; the crises in Spain and Italy are deepening, and it is yet impossible to foresee how the crisis in Greece will end. But there is not much speculation now in London in international securities. And even the continuance of the coal crisis has not affected markets as much as last week.

Although the coal crisis continues, the belief is gaining ground that the stoppage of work will not be general. A second vote has had to be taken in Durham, and elsewhere it is thought that the Federation will not succeed as widely as seemed probable at first. The Board of Trade Returns for February are again unfavourable. Our foreign customers are not in a position to buy largely from us, and it is to be feared that the decline will go on for a considerable time yet.

The most important and marked change in the stock markets this week is the rise in Argentine securities, both industrial and governmental. The Argentine Five per Cent. bonds of 1886 closed on Thursday afternoon at 64, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 3, and the Funding Loan closed at 57, a rise of as much as 5. The National Cédulas of the "A" series closed at 25, a rise of 1½, and the Provincial Cédulas of the "I" series closed at 11, a rise of ½. Turning next to Argentine Railway stocks, which have fallen so persistently and so ruinously during the past couple of years, Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed on Thursday afternoon at 70-2, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 5; Buenos Ayres and Great Southern Ordinary closed at 120-2, a rise of 6; and Central Argentine closed at 58-60, a rise of 4. On the other hand, Buenos Ayres and Pacific Seven per Cent. Preference closed at 58-63, a fall of 5. While there has been this general recovery in Argentine securities, there is also recorded an advance in investment stocks. Consols closed on Thursday afternoon at 95½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ¾. Indian Three per Cent. Sterling closed at 95½, also a rise of ¾. New South Wales Three and a Half per Cent. closed at 94½, a rise of ½. Rupee-paper, in consequence of the decline in silver, fell ½ during the week, the Four per Cent. closing on Thursday afternoon at 70. In Home Railway stocks the changes have not been considerable. The first effect of the coal crisis was a fall; then there was a recovery, as the market hoped a serious stoppage would not take place, while recently there has been another decline. The final result is but a small change. Lancashire and Yorkshire closed on Thursday afternoon at 108½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of ½, and North-Eastern Consols closed at 154½, a fall of ¾; but Midland closed at 159½, a rise of ¾. In the American market, again, while prices fluctuated a good deal, the final changes are not considerable. There was a fall at the end of last week and the beginning of this, and since then there has been a recovery. Beginning with the speculative securities (which are unsuited to investors), we find Denver Preferred shares closed on Thursday at 54½, a rise of ½; but Reading shares closed at 28½, a fall of 2; and the First Income bonds closed at 76½, a fall of 1. Coming now to investment stocks, we find that Pennsylvania shares closed at 53½, a fall of ½, and New York Central closed at 119½, a fall of ½; but Illinois Central closed at 108½, a rise of 1; while Lake Shore closed at 138, a rise of no less than 7, there having been an extraordinary advance in these shares on Friday and Saturday last in New York. Inter-Bourse securities have changed very little. Spanish closed on Thursday afternoon at 59½, a rise of ½; Greek bonds of 1884 closed at 63-4, a fall of 1; while Italian closed at 87½, a fall of ¾.

CONCERT CHRONICLE.

THURSDAY, Feb. 25th.—The sixth of Mr. Henschel's London Symphony Concerts brought a successful season to a brilliant close. Schumann's Fourth Symphony was played in its usual form, giving an opportunity of confirming the impression produced by the new edition of the earlier version played by Mr. Mann's band on the previous Saturday. The concert opened with Miss Ethel Smyth's effective Overture to *Antony and Cleopatra*, which was produced at the Crystal Palace in 1890, and ended with the brilliant Prelude to Act iii. of Dr. Mackenzie's opera *The Troubadour*. Mr. Henschel deserves thanks for rescuing so effective a number from the oblivion to which a wretched libretto has consigned the rest of the opera. In Saint-Saëns's

second Violoncello Concerto and in solos by Popper and Godard Herr Hugo Becker showed his brilliant execution and good style; his tone, however, left something to be desired. The beautiful duet, "Vous soupirez, Madame," from Berlioz's *Béatrice et Bénédict*, was well sung by Mrs. Henschel and Mme. Hope Glenn. The few numbers which are occasionally performed from Berlioz's operas make it a matter for wonder why no manager attempts their revival on the stage. *Benvenuto Cellini*, and even the second part of *Les Troyens*, could hardly fail to be successful if adequately played.

Saturday, Feb. 27th.—The Crystal Palace Concert comprised several novelties, none of which, however, proved of first-rate interest. Two new "Melodies" for strings, by Edward Grieg, are transcriptions from the composer's own songs; and, though taking enough, are hardly likely to be as popular as the two earlier adaptations which are so familiar to amateurs. Herr Hugo Becker played a well-written, but not very original, "Concertstück" for violoncello and orchestra, from the pen of Signor Bazzini, the principal of the Milan Conservatorio, and was also heard in two short solo pieces. The vocalist was Mr. Oudin, whose splendid declamation gave full effect to the Templar's soliloquy from Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Ivanhoe*. Mr. Oudin also brought forward a dramatic Scena by Mr. Herbert Bunning, a young English composer who has recently returned from studying at Milan. Mr. Bunning has not been fortunate in the choice of his words, and the composer is consequently severely handicapped. Though the Scena is not ineffective, the impression it produced was not altogether satisfactory. Mr. Bunning does not seem to have any distinctive style of his own, and the models he has followed are by no means of the loftiest order. The result is a general impression that the composer has nothing to say, but that he knows how to disguise shortcomings by full orchestration and *ad captandum* effects.

Monday, Feb. 29.—At Steinway Hall Mr. Edgar Haddock, the Yorkshire violinist, completed his Recital of Beethoven's Violin Sonatas in order of chronology—or rather of opus number—his success being largely due to the good pianoforte-playing of Mme. de Pachmann. At St. James's Hall a performance of Bach's "Magnificat" was given by the students of the Royal Academy of Music. Considerable interest had been aroused by the announcement that the work would be performed "as nearly as possible under the conditions and with the resources intended by the composer"; but the expectations aroused were by no means satisfied. Franz's additional accompaniments were, indeed, discarded; but the choir was certainly larger than that used at the Thomaskirche by Bach, the boys' voices were replaced by female sopranos and contraltos, a pianoforte part was introduced, and (at least in one place) the original score was altered. Moreover, the performance was by no means a good one, and the miscellaneous programme which followed showed that the Academy students are far more at home in more modern compositions than in the elaborate polyphonic harmonies of the great Leipzig Cantor. The "Magnificat" was conducted by Mr. Corder. In the evening the return of Dr. Joachim imparted unusual interest to the Popular Concert. The greatest of living violinists soon showed in Beethoven's Rasoumowsky Quartet in F major, Op. 59, that his powers are as unimpaired as ever. His solo was Max Bruch's melodious Romance in A, and for an encore he gave the Aria from Bach's unaccompanied Sonata in C major, besides leading a Quartet of Haydn's, with which the concert ended. The pianist and vocalist were also old favourites at the Popular Concerts, where neither has been heard for some time. Miss Zimmermann played a Nocturne and a Ballade of Chopin's, and (as an encore) a little piece by Signor Albanesi, and Mrs. Fassett sang songs by Hasse, Brahms, and Henschel.

Saturday, March 5th.—A new Cantata, *Queen Hynde of Caledon*, from the pen of Mr. Hamish MacCunn, was brought forward at the Crystal Palace Concert. Mr. MacCunn, after his striking youthful successes, has provided his admirers with such a string of disappointments that by this time it seems almost hopeless to expect him to take up the position which at one time he seemed likely to attain. His new Cantata, which was first heard at Glasgow last January, has the same faults that have been pointed out in its predecessors. Though, according to the Analysis, it "has been written as if intended for the stage," and "is practically an opera," the work is thoroughly undramatic, both as regards words and music; the former, indeed, are so poor that it is astonishing the composer could have selected them. The instrumentation, as is always the case with Mr. MacCunn's work, is the best feature in the Cantata. The opening is impressive and richly orchestrated, and the Battle-Hymn of Norsemen and succeeding scene are vigorous and not ineffective. But the vocal writing, both for solo voices and chorus, is very weak, and the composer shows an incapacity for part-writing and for anything like choral development which makes it seem as if his musical education had been confined to the study of orchestration.

Only once—in the scene before referred to—does *Queen Hynde of Caledon* show any improvement in this respect upon its predecessors. The Chorus of Celestial Spirits, and concluding chorus, where some opportunity for elaborate part-writing was given by the words, are quite trivial. The performance was very good, and Fraulein Fillunger, Mme. Emily Squire, and Messrs. Piercy and Black made all they could of the solo parts.

Monday, March 7.—At Mr. Edgar Haddock's "Musical Afternoon" a good performance of Schumann's Sonata, Op. 105, for pianoforte and violin, was given by Mme. de Pachmann and the concert-giver. The pianist was also heard in the same composer's "Etudes Symphoniques," Chopin's Waltz in A flat, Op. 34, Schubert's Impromptu in G major, and a brightly-written Minuet by Sieveking, all of which were extremely well played; while for an encore she gave Chopin's Study in G sharp minor, Op. 25, No. 6, with really exquisite finish. A little Romance of her composition, for violin and pianoforte, was well played by Mr. Haddock, and proved fairly effective. The vocalist was Miss Effie Thomas, who has a light fresh soprano voice of pretty quality. She sang the Polacca from Thomas's *Mignon*, "The Soul's Awakening," a rather meretricious song by Mr. Percy Haddock, and Rubinstein's "Der Traum."—At the Monday Popular Concert, Dr. Joachim led the Quartet (Beethoven's F minor, Op. 95), and played five movements of Bach's Suite in E, completing the work by the last two movements, which he gave as an encore. The pianist was Mlle. Eibenschütz, who played Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 111, in admirable style. Her interpretation was conspicuous for its impulse and fire, yet she never let these qualities get the upper hand, but kept them throughout under control, with a restraint which was extraordinary in so young an artist. For an encore she gave Brahms's Capriccio in B minor, which was well played, though at too fast a pace. Mrs. Helen Trust was the vocalist, and sang Méhul's "Le Doux Mal" (from *Le Trésor Supposé*), Berton's "La Verginella," and a commonplace song of Hook's. In the latter she was out of tune, but the other songs were sung very prettily.

A NORTH-COUNTRY HALL.

WOULD you see fair Levens aright? [visit it in earliest spring; that is the season in which to realize its peculiar charm. Summer, in sooth, is sweet there. Nowhere does June sunlight fall on fairer prospect of sloping lawn, grey crag, deep-bosomed wood and winding river; but then—every English park is enchanted land in summer. In autumn the vale is rich with ripening grain, stretching away to the silvery limestone bluff called Whitbarrow, and beyond, to the blue loops and crests of the Cumbrian range. But West-coast autumns are of precarious temper; it is depressing to watch a sloppy harvest through streaming panes. In wan winter, when, in the frore twilight, lights gleam early from the casements, the old Hall is almost too picturesque—suggesting the art of Christmas cards. But though winds of March, sweeping bare the land to make it ready for summer finery, often bring cold more searching than midwinter, there are basking places among velvety alleys and under hoar walls in Levens garden where one may forestall the solstice. There is a smell of impatient vegetation in the air; the black-thorns have veiled themselves in a chilly haze of blossom; already there are patches of faint verdure on hawthorn hedges; beneath them the cuckoo-pint has thrust up its glistening blades,

And along the tracks, like troubled sprites,
The dead leaves whirl along.

But the brightest gleam in memories of early springtide in Westmoreland comes from the daffodils. Copsewood glade and roadside bank, mill meadow and village orchards, upland lawn under lim-stone crag—each decks itself in fairy livery of green and gold. One may drive for miles through this fair champaign and never lose sight of Lenten lilies—in wreaths, in scattered clusters, in links or shining sheets. *Quid multa?* Too much, perhaps, already; seeing that private nursery gardeners are sending root-pilferers into every lane and wood in the land, and we have no wish to assist them in their nefarious trade.

Even in this county, rich as it is beyond most others in examples of the homes of the Cavaliers, Levens stands unique in the unaltered character both of house and surroundings. One is even inclined to view the lofty larches which tower over the entrance as an anachronism, for there were no larches in England in the days of the Stuarts. The name Levens, as antiquaries may care to note, is derived from a very different tree, the wych elm, called in Celtic speech *leamhan* (pronounced *leeven*), still a plentiful spontaneous growth in the district. The deer-park, one of the oldest in England, has not varied from the limits set out in the royal licence to enclose it in 1360. It is true that the original building, an ordinary pele tower,

dating, as its arched doorways testify, from the thirteenth or early fourteenth century, has been largely added to. The Bellinghames, Lords of the Manor of Levens during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, were a wealthy family; one Sir James, knighted by James I. on his first progress through the northern counties, spent liberally on Elizabethan architects, to whom are owing the spacious hall, the drawing-room with its noble mantelpiece of carved oak, the quaint library with still richer oak carving, and the numerous bedrooms above, which to wander among is occupation for a long summer afternoon. There prevailed in those days a practice, much to be commended to modern builders, of carving in each room the initials of him who caused it to be built or decorated, with the date. Thus the mantelpieces in the various rooms are inscribed with different years from 1586 to 1617, while it is open to heralds and genealogists to supplement the chronology by the escutcheons embossed and painted on the plaster cornice which divides panelled wall from fretted ceiling, or inserted in the stained glass of the lattices.

But except a few bedrooms over the kitchen and offices, and a well-designed tower on the garden front, the Elizabethan work has not been interfered with. Elizabethan, that is, with traces of Northern influence, for the chimney stacks, built of small flakes of limestone, climb the skies in the cylindrical form peculiar to the district.

The interior is wonderfully rich in oak. The rooms are panelled throughout; carving of exquisite delicacy and richness abounds, although on some of the walls, notably on those of the dining-room at the west end of the hall, Sir James Bellingham spread stamped and richly-coloured Spanish leather. There is suspicion that this profusion of decoration had partly owed its origin to rivalry with a neighbouring squire at Sisergh, and contributed to the insolvency which forced Alan Bellingham to part with his beautiful home in 1690. The oak lining of a room at Sisergh was last year bought by the South Kensington authorities, and is now set up in their Museum.

In the year last named the property passed into the hands of Colonel Grahme, of the house of Netherby, to whom Levens owes its crowning distinction among the homes of England. Not elsewhere—except, it may be, at Hardwicke—remains such a perfect display of the lost topiary art. Grahme employed M. Beaumont, who (as is recorded upon his portrait at Levens) laid out Hampton Court Garden for James II. There existed, probably before Beaumont's arrival at Levens, a garden in the Elizabethan style, with "rare figures of composures," or knots, and pleached alleys; for there are still bowls on the green bearing the Bellinghame crest, as well as others engraved with that of Grahme. Minute details of the operations which ensued on Beaumont's arrival have been preserved in letters from the steward, Banks, to his master, dating from 1699 to 1703. In the autumn of 1701 he records a great storm, which "hath done great damedge in the garden among trees. bemun (Beaumont) is very much disturbed about is trees, he wants stakes for them." The Frenchman's name was a sad stumbling-block to the English steward's phonetic sense; it is variously rendered "bamant," "beamant," "Mr. Beomant," &c.; the withholding of the capital initial being, perhaps, significant of stout Westmoreland contempt for his nationality.

Banks, however, testifies to the energy with which Beaumont carried on his work. "The ould broken-winded coach hors dyed this day coming from Milthropp with a sacke of otes on his back. We shall not know what to do in the garden for him, and the other all most killed weth contennually working . . . but beamont . . . hath put all the borders in as good order as he cane, he is now mooving and altering his flowers and plants, and also hath pouled down the heg was round the mellion ground and hath planted the helli bore round the place, and he got very good stacks coot and set round it . . . and made the carpenters cout out the stacks out of the hart of a good eish tree."

These letters, full of placid particulars of the peaceful pursuits of a country gentleman, are in strange contrast to many others addressed to Grahme during these years, and still preserved in the charter-room at Levens. Grahme, a staunch and restless Jacobite, was repeatedly proclaimed and once imprisoned on a charge of high treason. The Historical Manuscripts Commission have already dealt with and published some of this correspondence, the most important, perhaps, being the original draft, in James II.'s own handwriting, of a document setting forth the King's reasons for leaving the country. Grahme, though he had held various offices under James II., and continued to act as his confidential adviser after the King's abdication, nevertheless managed to make terms with King William's Government; and although his correspondence betrays how deeply he remained involved in Jacobite intrigue, yet his experience of a prison interior sufficed to make him careful not to incense the powers that were.

His lofty schemes, his darkling plots, his hopes, scares, alternate success and disappointment, bore little permanent fruit; we turn

over the yellowing piles of correspondence with none of the thrill they brought to their original recipient; but the humbler achievements of M. Beaumont endure to this day. It is enchanted ground, this strange pleasance at Levens; a piece of a departed age surviving restless modes and forgotten habits; yews, elaborately clipped into semblance of peacocks, lions, vases, and columns, stand in quaint array along the broad paths, and between their sombre forms, in borders deeply edged with box, there flame out each summer "bemant's" crimson and white roses, carnations, lilies, and plenteous store of old-world flowers.

There is brewed at the Hall, after an ancient recipe, a deeply-coloured and heady beverage yclept Morocco. It is produced on state occasions, and many have learned to pledge with emphatic zest the time-honoured toast—"Luck to Levens while Kent rules!"

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

IT is apparently the peculiarity of the Danish and Swedish dramatists to deal with morbid subjects, and it is the self-imposed privilege of a certain band of critics to foster this sort of perilous entertainment, and to endeavour to impose it upon the attention of English audiences hitherto distinguished for the wholesome tone of their taste in matters dramatic. Society in Copenhagen and Stockholm does not appear in a particularly favourable light in these plays. But it does not follow that, because a section of Northern society is out of joint, Londoners should take a special interest in the fact; and hence we believe that the admirers of Ibsen and Otto Benzon will eventually have to fall back on the perhaps less finished, but certainly purer, plays of native origin; for certainly we shall always prefer the original to the imitation, and if the general public is not smitten with enthusiasm for Ibsen, Benzon, and Co., it is unlikely to take into much favour their Anglo-Saxon disciples. *The Plowdens* is not a direct translation from the Swedish of Benzon, but an adaptation, through the thin disguise of which we can study—possibly to the life—the manners and the morals of a very second-class Swedish family. The Plowdens, transplanted from Stockholm to the neighbourhood of Leicester, are not an agreeable family at all, and in this particular they recall similar circles into which Ibsen has introduced us.

Frankly, it was not worth while going so far for disagreeable types and unpleasant subjects. We are quite aware that both exist, and abundantly, at home; the police reports prove it, independently of society scandal and gossip, which generally battens on the suspected but not proven. The Plowdens, who made their first bow to a brilliant audience at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on Tuesday afternoon, are a deadly commonplace group of people. The mother is the least objectionable of the party. She wins our respect by her determined opposition, as a worldly-wise woman, to an alliance between her stepson and a lady help, who acknowledges that she has grossly misbehaved in a previous situation. Now the pivot round which the moral of the piece turns is to prove that Mrs. Plowden is a monstrous hard-hearted woman, and that the *ci-devant* governess is an angel who only lacks wings. True that she has conducted herself with the utmost propriety in the Plowden household, and that she declares herself as penitent as may be, and has, moreover, confessed her solitary transgression to the man who has asked her to marry him. Society, for its better protection, has to protest against admission into the family circles of convicted foolish maidens, and we are old-fashioned enough to agree with Mrs. Plowden that this young lady is not a desirable wife for a respectable young man, and that if he does marry her, he must take the consequences of his action. We are sorry for Miss Cara Dale; but her early training must have been very deficient, else surely she could not so lightly have thrown away her reputation. The intrigue is made doubly painful by the introduction into the piece of the scoundrel—a baronet, of course, named Sir Hector Aske—who is engaged to the sister of young Plowden. This young lady is told by her brother that Sir Hector is a rascal, and she dismisses him and receives with girlish effusion her future sister-in-law, who, by the way, is after all only a faint replica of Mrs. Haller. The characters in the play are well sketched. That of old Mr. Plowden, the vacillating, conceited, soft-made man, is indeed excellent. Mrs. Plowden, too, is a person often encountered in inferior country society. The hero is quite *à la mode*. He is described as of no particular religion, and acknowledges that his moral code, at least as regards the fair sex, has been sadly mixed, "like that of most men of his age, you know." But, being of the advanced school, he thinks the ladies should be placed on a footing of equality in every way with the men, and that consequently Miss Dale's

escapade is naughty, if you like, but not irreparable, and that society, which extends its arms to the man who tempted her, should receive her on her return from her honeymoon with open arms. We have not much sympathy for this person's brother, Mr. Norman Plowden, who makes cynical mischief, and does not hesitate to hector his parents; but the character is well drawn. The play is certainly well written. Mr. Rose deserves much praise for his work. But was the game worth the candle? Miss Isabel Ellison, who gave the *matinée*, has much talent, which still needs a great deal of clever training. Her intentions are intelligent; but her attitudes and her "action," to use the technical phrase, are awkward. Her voice, too, is evidently uncultivated; but, with all these drawbacks, she manifested distinct dramatic talent, and was invariably earnest, consequently interesting. Miss Rose Nesbitt made her first appearance on this occasion, and created a most agreeable impression. She has a great deal of talent. Mr. W. Herbert acted the part of Sir Hector very well indeed; Mr. Charles Allan was inimitable as old Plowden, and Mr. Herbert Waring played with considerable spirit and still more tact the difficult part of the hero. Miss Henrietta Lindley, who, unfortunately, is only too often absent from the stage, was a capital Mrs. Plowden.

We have not much to say for the revival of Mr. Henry Pettitt's play, *The Black Flag*, at the New Olympic. The piece has hitherto only been seen in the East End, and in the East End it should have remained. It is merely crude melodrama of the old school, but is well acted by Mr. Basset Roe, Mr. Brunton, Mr. F. M. Wood, and especially by Miss Maud Wilton.

We regret to record the death of Mrs. Terry, the mother of famous sons and daughters, whose names will long be remembered in the annals of the British drama.

THE WEATHER.

ANOTHER wintry week has passed over us, and apparently there are no decided prospects, as yet, of spring weather. The temperature even of 50° has not been reached anywhere, except in the south of France and in Portugal, and in those districts only in the afternoons. At Lisbon, in particular, the weather has been most inclement; we hear of severe storms, and as for rain, the total recorded there from the 3rd to the 8th was 3.78 in., the fall on Wednesday, March 2, being 1.06 in., on Friday 1.14 in., and on Monday 0.91 in. For the first part of the week under review we had a sharp east wind. The temperature was not very low, as it ranged close to the freezing point, but the air was excessively dry and therefore very trying. On Thursday and Friday, last week, an anticyclone, with readings as high as 30.4 in., covered the whole northern part of the North Sea and Scotland also. It was the easterly current at the south of this which affected our lungs so keenly. On Saturday this system began to break up, and the chart for that day shows three separate small areas of high barometer readings (30.4 in.), situated respectively, one near Stockholm, another over the east of Scotland, and the third over Wales. With such an irregular distribution of pressure the winds varied all round the compass and were all light. Since that date the barometer has steadily gone down, and on Tuesday morning a definite area of depression showed itself over the Shetlands and gradually extended its influence southwards. During Tuesday night a small secondary depression developed itself to the southward of the larger system just mentioned, and this, as usual, brought on precipitation. Heavy snow squalls, with a good deal of north-west wind, have been reported at almost every station, though the actual amount measured has not been large. At 1 o'clock a very severe snow squall passed over London. Up to Wednesday the week had been almost completely rainless in these islands, so that we may hope that most of the flood water of which farmers have been complaining has gone down to the sea. Up to last Saturday not a single district in the United Kingdom had received its average amount of rain since Christmas, and the deficit in the west of Scotland is 3½ in. The region most favoured with sunshine last week was St. George's Channel, Pembrokeshire, and the Isle of Man, each receiving nearly 50 per cent. of the time the sun could shine.

EXHIBITIONS.

AT the Japanese Gallery, New Bond Street, is now exhibited a collection of over a hundred sketches and studies, somewhat in the "impressionist" manner, of scenes in South Africa. These are gloomy in tone, but they present charming and unusual features. The artists are Mr. Frank Brangwyn and Mr. William Hunt; the latter gentleman chooses ambitious

subjects, such as mountain ranges and towns, but he fails to give so good an impression of a strange country as Mr. Brangwyn does, with his quieter studies of corners of fields and sides of cottages. Taking the paintings of Mr. Brangwyn first, the following seem to us to be most worthy of notice. Two views of Simonsburgh (2 and 43) show a most melancholy-looking town, with strange white houses, which seem to be composed entirely of walls, without any windows to them, built, in fact, by the earliest Dutch settlers to give themselves the protection of fortresses. "Outside a Wine Store" (4), with its stiff, ruddy-brown trees; and "A Police Station" (38), standing in the midst of purple shrubberies, are characteristic pieces. "Cape Town from Salt River" (36) is a more finished production, and shows that city in the distance on a strip of land, surrounded by dark blue sea, and by sand dunes on which grow bluish-coloured grasses. "Native Women washing Clothes, Breede River" (10), is painted in dull shades of grey, against which the whiteness of the linen stands out boldly. The fine range of the Drakenstein Mountains (22) forms an impressive setting to a foreground where yellow flowers swing on long stalks, like hovering butterflies, above the meadows. In "A Field of Arum Lilies" (27), these flowers are seen growing as freely among the grass as the ox-eyed daisies do in our northern climate. "An Ostrich Farm" (34) shows a poultry-yard full of these large cocks and hens, standing in a full blaze of sunlight, and watched over by a black-faced boy in a red burnous. Mr. Hunt's paintings are more conventionally treated; the subjects are selected with an idea of their forming a composition, and they suggest a French influence; this is especially the case in "Schoolhouse, Stellenbosch" (70), in which a group of trees is carefully and delicately drawn. In the remarkably bold "Lion Mountain" (60), seen from the Salt River, the outline of the lion is painfully hard. Mr. Hunt has secured a rare effect of loveliness in his "Tulbach, near Ceres" (99); while in the "Mountain Mists" (105), with its foreground of spiky blue flowers, resembling those of the amaryllis, and of strange, woolly-knobbed bushes, he obtains a striking impression. But the "South African Back Garden" (64) is perhaps the strangest of all these foreign scenes; it bears about it the fascination of a persistent dream. This painting represents a house in the midst of a wilderness of a garden, lying against the steep side of a mountain, which forms a lead-coloured background to some dark-pink blossoming trees; twilight is settling down over it all. In the midst of this dim garden stands a girl, wearing a white hood, beside another girl who also has on a white hood, and looking so exactly like her that she might be her African "double"; there is an uncanniness about this small painting which is very creepy and haunting.

At Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries, in New Bond Street, there are being exhibited several small collections of pictures, among which is a series of water-colour drawings of London churches by Mr. C. E. Herne. This collection closely resembles a similar one exhibited here by the same artist last year. These drawings are neatly executed, and give in a small space much exact portraiture of some of the more interesting of our City churches. There is here, however—as there was also in the earlier exhibition—rather a preponderance of Bayswater churches and Notting Hill synagogues, to which, perhaps to give an additional interest, Mr. Herne has added trees and marriage-groups. In these latter more diversity might, with advantage, be given to the legs of the gentlemen, where an occasional indication of a knee within the cloth would cause a pleasant variety.

In great contrast to Mr. Herne's are the drawings on the opposite wall by Mr. J. H. V. Fisher. These proceed to the other extreme of being almost too boldly treated, and display in some instances an exaggerated hardness of outline and colour. Mr. Fisher is eager to secure faithful impressions of the passing effects of storm-driven clouds, which he dashes in boldly, sometimes heavily, but in many cases with much success.

By Mr. Aubrey Hunt are forty-one oil-colour sketches and studies of Tangier and its environs. Some of these are mere notes in flat tones of contrasts of bright, often crude, colours, with no charm of detail or atmosphere; while others are full of great beauty, depict most fascinating subjects, and are skillfully handled. Among these latter paintings are several views of Tangier (1, 2, 3, 6), in which the insignificant line of the buildings of the town is seen beyond parched wastes of sand, whereon blue aloes and buff grasses struggle for life, while here and there small underwoods secure sufficient shelter from the scorching rays of the sun to enable vegetation of a more delicate nature to creep up into existence. In "Across the Plains" (25) two camels and an ass are seen hurrying forward, and shuffling up the sand as they advance; in this drawing there is an excellent suggestion given of the hot scintillating atmosphere of the desert. "Dancing Basouks" (28) suggests the genius of Fortuny; "A Race" (35) gives a fine impression of movement and colour, in

the leaping white horse with its bright green trappings seen in full sunlight.

In yet another of Messrs. Dowdeswell's rooms is a collection of Mr. E. M. Wimperis's monotonous, somewhat heavy, full-foliaged landscapes, called "typically English" by so many people, and loved by them in consequence. These show the usual familiar sedge-grown, willowed river-sides, the windmills, the rolling skies, and the green lanes of verdant England. "Hay-fields in Essex" (10 and 11), with their well-grown trees in the middle distance, and strips of dark mottled blue landscape in the distance, are among the happiest and best, and are, perhaps, the most "English" of this particularly British collection.

At the Fine Art Society's, 148 New Bond Street, a room is filled with water-colour drawings of the vales and dales of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, painted by Mr. Sutton Palmer. These are popular and attractive, in rather close following of Turner, but more conventional in treatment. Mr. Palmer obtains a delicate, highly-finished effect of profuse foliage seen through receding veils of atmosphere, or of dark towns crowning verdant heights, the feet of which are bathed in sunshine. His most ambitious picture, "Dovedale" (54), is a little melodramatic in its composed tones of storm and light. "By the Islands, Bolton Woods" (17) glitters and shimmers somewhat to excess, but is sweet and refined. Very full of detail and elaborate in composition is "From Mowbray Point" (7). An exceedingly pleasant example of Mr. Palmer's charming convention is "On the Derwent, Matlock" (46).

THE RESTITUTION OF ALSACE-LORRAINE.

A PLEBISCITE in Germany on the possibilities and conditions of an eventual restitution of Alsace-Lorraine to France—*rien que ça de luxe*—such is the latest device of a lively Parisian contemporary, evidently no more satisfied with its influence in the world of art, of fashion, and of gossip, and longing to outblowitz Blowitz. If the spirit of M. de Villemessant still hovers over the hôtel in the Rue Drouot, it must be murmuring now, "*Le Figaro* a perdu une belle occasion de se taire"—for the series of answers to an international question of so great moment have resulted in a series of well-administered snubs.

The President of the Reichstag points simply in his answer to the first paragraph of the Treaty of Frankfurt, where the cession of Alsace-Lorraine is made for all time. Herr Brentano contends that the people of Alsace-Lorraine are German of origin and in character, and that no idea of a restitution can be entertained. Professor Helmholtz begs to be excused. The ex-Minister of Baden considers the annexation of the provinces as a just expiation for France, who had appropriated them two centuries ago. Herr Wilbrandt, the poet, wishes to know what France would say if she were asked to give up Burgundy, Savoy, and other conquered provinces. And so on.

Still, the question must not be considered as a mere expedient of an editor, nor, indeed, underrated. There is something in it; for, put forward rather timidly and by way of a feeler in the French press about a year ago, it comes out to-day well formulated, and boldly challenges public opinion in Germany. But what there is in it and how much, the French journalist does not know exactly; that he should waste no more time on building sand-castles, we will render him the inestimable service of putting him on the true scent. It might be also useful that the European public in general, and the British public in particular, should be acquainted with the purport of certain words which were exchanged between French and Russian politicians on the occasion of the *rapprochement* of the two Governments, first at Cronstadt, then in Paris during the stay there of the Secretary of State, M. de Giers. On both occasions Alsace-Lorraine was spoken of. Let us leave aside the question of the nature of the "ties which unite France to Russia" (the expression of the Imperial telegraph to M. Carnot); it is, perhaps, more than an *entente*; it is, no doubt, less than an "alliance." Was not, for instance, the following question put to Admiral Gervais at Cronstadt by a member of the Russian Government:—"If, in case of a Russo-German war, Germany were to offer to France, in exchange for her neutrality, the restitution of Alsace-Lorraine purely and simply, or against a territorial compensation (say the Tonkin), what would France answer?" And did not Admiral Gervais reply:—"I am authorized to assure you, in the name of the French Government, that should Germany offer to give us back Alsace-Lorraine, in order to obtain our neutrality in case of a war with Russia, we should not accept the proposition. Honour compels France to reconquer by arms what she has lost by the chance of war; besides, conquest alone can attach again the annexed provinces, and also weaken Germany, which would be the principal object for France, as well as for Russia, in case of a war provoked by the Triple Alliance." Such was the exact sense, if not even the exact form, of the French answer.

The question of an eventual restitution of Alsace-Lorraine in time of peace was not discussed by the representatives of both Governments at Cronstadt; it was settled merely that the amicable relations of the two countries can in no way be affected by the advances of Germany to France. During the stay of M. de Giers in Paris the question of Alsace-Lorraine was discussed again between him, M. Ribot, and M. de Freycinet, and since his return to St. Petersburg the impression in high official spheres is, that the preliminaries of the *entente*, such as stipulated at Cronstadt, were ratified in every point in Paris, and in many clauses even enlarged. The maintenance of peace by all possible means until the Russian armaments are completed, and mutual defence against the Triple Alliance should war break out before that—such were the capital points of the *entente*. It is also true that both Governments have agreed on mutual support in cases of diplomatic difficulties and current politics. But this is not the cardinal point; that is in the idea of a war carried on under the most unfavourable conditions for the Triple Alliance; we see the best proof of that in the binding promise given by France to push away the friendly hand of Germany on the eve of a war, even should that hand hold out unconditionally the longed-for and mourned-for provinces. And that is why the *Figaro* has had a fine opportunity for holding its tongue.

REVIEWS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MARSHAL MACDONALD.*

IN the old days when there were fairs, and the quack had not yet ceased to be a mountebank, and become merely an advertiser, the "Great Arabian Doctor," or other shining light of the profession, was accustomed to send on a subordinate, who prepared the way for his coming. The practice, which has its manifest advantages, has now become very common in French publishing. These *Recollections of Marshal MacDonald* supply a rather particularly good instance. Their appearance was preceded by articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* from the academic pen of M. Camille Rousset. Now, of course, we employ this comparison purely for purposes of illustration, and not as implying that the Marshal Duke of Tarentum was a quack. He was not, but he was "un bon général d'exécution," as Marbot called him. Still less should we be guilty of the absurdity and discourtesy of hinting that M. Camille Rousset, a very sound scholar, who has done much good historical work, bears any likeness to a quack's servant. Our purpose is merely to point out that the notice of these "Recollections," written by M. Camille Rousset, is very little more than a *compte rendu*, and need not have been translated to swell the bulk of this book. It consists of quotation and *précis*. There was a good reason for introducing the "Recollections" in France under the protection of an Academician, but this does not hold good here. Why, then, the translator, Mr. Simeon, did not feel "at liberty to omit the preliminary summary of the book by the French editor," unless it was thought necessary to make two volumes out of what might have been one, we cannot see. Mr. Simeon gives us to understand that he might have omitted it, if he had cared to show so much disrespect to "a distinguished man of letters and member of the French Academy." The result of his respect for M. Camille Rousset is that 111 pages of the 356 in the first volume are mere surplussage. We strongly recommend the reader to skip it bodily. Of the translation itself we are able to say that it appears to be a fairly adequate and readable version of an original which has no pretensions to style.

The skipping we advise is the more pardonable because the Marshal's "Recollections" are more interesting, and he is himself a more attractive figure than would be gathered from the reading of M. Camille Rousset's summary. There is, indeed, no comparison between his book and the *Memoirs of Marbot*. He was not a born memoir-writer, as his younger contemporary was. His "Recollections" were not written down while they were fresh, but years after his fighting was over, and for the benefit of the son born of his third marriage. Still they have a real interest, and they justify on the whole that reputation for honesty which he enjoyed, and of which he was obviously proud. "As I am writing only for you, my son, I need not put on any airs of mock-modesty; I simply tell you the truth with the frankness that I am universally allowed to possess," he says in one place, and the same claim is made in many others. His honesty is not of the order of Iago's. MacDonald appears to have kept his hands from plunder. The valuable collection of works of art which he made in Italy was partly bought with his own money, partly a gift from the French Government, which, to be sure, had begun by looting the articles of which it was composed. It was lost when Souvaroff drove the French from Italy. As he began life with no fortune, and the pay of the Republican armies was neither ample nor regular, the question where the money came from to buy those works of art and his little estate at Courcelles might be difficult to answer if we did not know from himself that MacDonald made a

good marriage, and may have obtained the capital in that permitted fashion, helped by, perhaps, just as much licking of his fingers as a Dugald Dalgetty, with some regard for his character, may fairly allow himself. His earlier services were on the Sambre et Meuse, where there was much hard work and little booty, and we do not gather that he was at any period of his life rich. So we may take it as proved that he was not one of the plunderers. In other respects his reputation for honesty is maintained by his "Recollections." He served Napoleon loyally till the abdication at Fontainebleau, when many who owed far more to the Emperor deserted him, and was then again loyal to the Bourbons, when he had once taken his oaths to them. During the Hundred Days he resisted all the attempts of Davoust to persuade him to join the Emperor. If MacDonald refused to give himself airs of mock-modesty, and even shows a certain appreciation of his own merits, he was not without the real virtue. In his account of the disaster on the Katzbach he says nothing of that generosity in taking all the blame upon himself for which Marbot, who was in the action, gives him praise. We can believe that he was exceptionally free from the mean envy of comrades, the unscrupulous self-seeking, and the unfairness to their subordinates, which were the base qualities of the marshals and generals of the Empire. If, then, the Duke of Tarentum was not a great man or great general, he was at least an honest, if rather limited, soldier.

This we learn with the greater satisfaction because he was an example of that ancient alliance between France and Scotland which produced many interesting men and things. His father, as the translator explains in a note, was a certain Vall Macacachaim (the Macacachaims were a far-away sept of the MacDonalds of Clanranald), from South Uist, who had been educated in the Scots College in Paris for the priesthood. Vall Macacachaim did not take orders, but returned to South Uist. He was there when Prince Charlie escaped to the Isles, and was chosen to help Flora MacDonald on account of his knowledge of French. After this he prudently returned to France, where he obtained a commission in Ogilvy's Scotch regiment, and dropped his severely Celtic name for the more manageable MacDonald. The Marshal remarks that he was paid by the Prince in that coin which, as Colonel Esmond observed on a great occasion, was in much favour with those unsatisfactory masters, the House of Stuart. The Prince forgot his existence. When Ogilvy's regiment was disbanded, in 1763, the elder MacDonald was left to subsist on a pension of 30*l.* a year. He married a portionless girl, and then retired to Sancerre, where other Scotch Jacobite gentlemen had been tempted to settle, by the "cheapness of living, and probably of the wine, which is good." On 30*l.* a year the elder MacDonald lived for long, reading, playing the violin, and saying very little. Life was very cheap in France in those times. The Marshal, like his father, was destined to the Church, and, like him, took to arms. After some service with the Dutch, he obtained a cadetship in the regiment of Dillon. When the Revolution began he was a lieutenant, and had just made a very advantageous marriage with the daughter of a wealthy French Creole. Many years afterwards he excused himself ironically to Monsieur for not emigrating by saying that he was in love; but he went on to add that he was also in love with the Revolution, to which he owed it that he now had the honour to dine with the brother of his King. In fact, like a multitude of other young men, he hailed the dawn of the Revolution because it opened a career to his talents; but that Stephen James Joseph Alexander MacDonald, son of Vall, son of Ranald Macacachaim of Houghbearg, in South Uist, cared a snap of the fingers for the immortal principles of '89 nowhere appears. He went to the army of the Sambre et Meuse, and came rapidly to the front, partly by good fighting, and much by an extraordinary piece of luck, which enabled him to frighten a stupid Austrian officer on the Waal. He crossed the river under the impression that the enemy was in retreat, and marched into what should have been a trap; but the Austrian lost his head and fell back, so that MacDonald suddenly found himself credited with a glorious victory. Throughout all those stirring times he had his share of marching and fighting from Flanders to Naples, and from Russia to Catalonia. For five years after the trial of Moreau he was left unemployed, till in 1809, when every officer was needed, Napoleon sent him to dry nurse Eugène Beauharnais in Northern Italy, which MacDonald knew well. All who have read the military history of the time know that he brought the army of Italy to join Napoleon just before Wagram, and commanded the great infantry attack on the Austrian centre which decided the victory. For this he was made "Marshal of France" on the field of battle, and he notes that Napoleon used that phrase, and not Marshal of the Empire. From that time forward he was in constant employment till the surrender at Fontainebleau. The life of a man who saw so much at such a time cannot but have some interest. The Marshal, indeed, passes so rapidly from event to event, and stops so little either to discuss or describe, that his "Recollections" are frequently *jeune*; but what he does still helps to complete the picture of the time. Two parts of the "Recollections" are of much more interest than the others. The first is that which gives his adventures in the army of the Sambre et Meuse, the second is full of the downfall of Napoleon. The Marshal's recollections entirely confirm the worst that has ever been said of the horrible atmosphere of suspicion and treachery which prevailed in the Republican armies, and of the base selfishness of the time

* *Recollections of Marshal MacDonald, Duke of Tarentum*. Edited by Camille Rousset (Member of the French Academy). Translated by Stephen Louis Simeon. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1892.

of the Terror. He was himself warned by Souham that accusations of want of civism had been brought against him, and went to a certain Commissioner who had only shortly before vowed him eternal friendship. To this friend he appealed, and this is how he was received:—

"Indeed," he replied, "do you wish me to speak quite openly to you? I tell you you are not a Republican, and I neither can nor will mix myself up with you."

"But," I answered, "I have not changed, as far as I know, since the day when we met on the frontier at the skirmish at Commynes; and on that occasion you assured me publicly—"

"I remember what you mean," he said, roughly interrupting me; "but times are changed," and thereupon he turned on his heel.

MacDonald met with a great many others whose code of honour was not unlike this Commissioner's, when the ruin of the Empire began after the Russian campaign. During the final negotiations after the fall of Paris, there was an actual race among the marshals and generals to be the first to desert Napoleon, and make terms for themselves. Even General Molitor, whom MacDonald had left in command of his own corps while he was engaged as Commissioner from the army and from Napoleon in negotiating with the Allied Sovereigns, made separate terms and ran for it. Napoleon figures much in the second volume of the memoirs, and MacDonald writes of him with a love which is very far indeed on this side of idolatry. If he is to be believed, the Emperor was in an utter state of prostration during the greater part of the Leipzig campaign, and at Hanau showed actual personal cowardice by taking refuge in a wood, and refusing to come out. The Marshal, who, as we have said, was not without a sense of his own merits, may exaggerate the Emperor's failures, and his own outspoken frankness at different periods in the campaigns of 1813, 1814; but his picture is consistent enough with the known facts, and much more acceptable than the common one which represents Napoleon as struggling with unvarying energy and genius against overwhelming numbers. There is a touch of pathos in his account of his last interview with the Emperor at Fontainebleau. Napoleon was utterly broken down, sitting in his dressing-gown before the fire, with bare legs and his feet in slippers. He could hardly be roused to attend to business. When the two parted Napoleon thanked MacDonald for his steady loyalty, and gave him the sabre of the Mameluk Murad Bey as a souvenir. From this scene the story proceeds dramatically enough to an account of the First Restoration and its absurd collapse. MacDonald gives an almost striking picture of the futile cleverness, poltroonery, and devotion to trifles which distinguished Lewis XVIII. and his brothers.

NOVELS.*

SINCE *The Heir of Redclyffe* became a well-known personage in every properly conducted schoolroom—so many years ago that there can be no want of gallantry in a reference to their number—the author of his being has given many other stories and many other personages to an appreciative public. The perusal of *That Stick* will satisfy the most exacting that her hand has not lost its cunning. It is a story of the kind we should expect, bound in the covers which seem almost immemorially familiar. It is skilfully told and ladylike, and the young people marry each other with unbending resolution. The hero was the meek and somewhat down-trodden clerk of a respectable solicitor. The unexpected extinction in the male line of a somewhat distant branch of his family elevated him to the peerage, and comparatively vast wealth, at the age of forty or thereabouts. He married the exceedingly well-conducted person—a governess in a ladies' school by occupation—to whom he had been engaged for about half their lives, and their proceedings, and those of their near, but not equally virtuous, relations, during the first few years of their married life, form the substance of Miss Yonge's narration. The new Lord Northmoor had a widowed sister-in-law of lowly birth, and quite as lowly manners, and she had a son Herbert, and daughters Ida and Conny. Herbert was vulgar, but good at heart, and was consequently permitted at last to commence ranchman prosperously enough in Canada, of course with a suitable partner. Conny was good, kind, and industrious, and therefore achieved happiness as the wife of a high-class parson. But Ida was idle, vain, and malicious; and Miss Yonge, with the unflinching severity to which her admirers are accustomed, compels her to pay the penalty of these faults in repentance and death. The incidents of the tale,

* *That Stick*. By Charlotte M. Yonge, Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe" &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1892.

Chronicles of Westerly. A Provincial Sketch. By the Author of "Culmshire Folk" &c. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Son. 1892.

Mercy. A Novel. By William D. Howells, Author of "A Foregone Conclusion" &c. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1892.

Colonel Starbottle's Client; and some other People. By Bret Harte. London: Chatto & Windus. 1892.

Denis O'Neil. By Mary Bradford-Whiting. London: Bentley & Son. 1892.

A Partner from the West. By Arthur Paterson, Author of "The Better Man" &c. London: Chapman & Hall. 1892.

Mrs. Dines' Jewels. A Mid-Atlantic Romance. By W. Clark Russell, Author of "The Wreck of the 'Grosvenor'" &c. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1892.

without outraging the probabilities of life, vary from garden-parties to child-stealing, and domestic happiness is flecked with passages of vexation and agony, as fidelity to the normal condition of humanity requires.

The Chronicles of Westerly is a book after the model of several of Mrs. Oliphant's stories. The author reviews himself in his preface as follows:—"I know my chief fault, and I apologize for it; I can't stick to the highroad. I am a very desultory sort of fellow—always was. I wander off down byways and lanes; and meeting people who interest me, I stop for a chat while the more important personages wait. This is unpardonable, I know; but I can't avoid it for the life of me; and the reader has, therefore, much and very just cause of complaint." One does not expect any kind of artist to be a good critic, either of his own or of any one else's performances; but it cannot be denied that "the author of *Culmshire Folk*" has, in this instance, criticized appropriately enough. His book does wander in a rather irritating manner from the fortunes of the people in whom you are just hoping to acquire an interest to those of others whom you care nothing about; but that is not, perhaps, its worst fault. Much of the conversation, especially in certain officers' quarters at the beginning of the story, is singularly trivial and uninteresting, and the author not only, to use his own metaphor, wanders down lanes to chat with people who interest him, but sits on gates, and himself discourses at large in a platitudinous and tiresome manner. As the book goes on it improves, partly, perhaps, because the author, apparently by accident, gets involved in a more or less definite romance, with long-lost individuals being swept together by the "long arm of coincidence," and that sort of thing. One parts from him in charity. As a narrator he is not bad; as a rambler he is not good; and as a critic he is unusually candid.

Mr. Howells's last story—at least, we suppose it to be still his last, but he is beginning to reel them off almost as fast as his compatriot Mr. Marion Crawford—describes an episode in the life of what it appears that they call in the United States a "defalcator." His name was Northwick, and upon the discovery by his employers that he had embezzled their funds for purposes of speculation he fled to Canada. He was an elderly man, and had previously been respectable, and his experiences proved too much for him. He had a lovely and proud, but not very attractive, daughter Sue, who was beloved by Matt Hickory, son of the chairman of the Company which Northwick had defrauded. This Matt entertained the most commonplace Socialist opinions and was a terrible bore, but it is quite possible that marriage with Sue was about the fate he deserved. The story also contains an extremely vivid sketch of an American reporter, whose simple virtues, genuine capacity (such as it is), and extraordinarily unconscious and odious defects, are exhibited with real literary skill. Mr. Howells would seem to have abandoned the fatuous practice of leaving the story out of his romances. *Mercy* is the narration of a definite episode in the people's lives, which begins in the first chapter with Northwick's detection, and ends in the last but one with his death, the last chapter being a proper and orthodox "conclusion," telling the reader in general terms what afterwards became of whom. The manner of narration is still thoroughly niggling; you are told in extreme detail how the people held themselves, and just what sort of sensations they had in their minds, and how many buttons there were on the seat of the railway-carriage, and so on; but the niggling is no longer the whole book; though the story would often be better without it, it is still part of the story; and the volume concludes because the tale is told, and not merely because the 474th page is reached.

A collection of stories by Mr. Bret Harte must always be worth looking at and often worth reading. Those collected under the title *Colonel Starbottle's Client* come for the most part under the second category. They are not Californian. "The Postmistress at Laurel Run" and "A Night at 'Hays'" are perhaps the best of them. The scene of the last—an obvious contribution to an English "Christmas Number"—is laid in England, and very poor stuff it is. Altogether, they are slight in substance and light in form, and may be read through in a couple of hours without offence, boredom (though speaking of), or any unreasonable wear and tear of the emotions.

Denis O'Neil, the eponymous hero of Mrs. Bradford-Whiting's novel, was a vastly clever young Irish doctor attending a hospital in London. Taking a holiday in his native county (Kerry apparently) he shot a sea-gull—thereby for ever alienating from himself the sympathy of every well-disposed reader. The consequence of this crime was that he was discovered by the members of a Fenian meeting which happened to be going on, and the choice was offered to him between Fenianism and death. He chose the former, being, as might be supposed from his murder of the gull, in political sympathy with it already. The consequence was that some years later he was told off to murder his uncle, who had brought him up, and to whom he was much attached. He compromised matters by so shooting the old gentleman (at night) as not to kill or seriously to injure him. He must have been a rare combination of a good anatomist and a good shot. He was convicted of his offence and sentenced to penal servitude for life, and was one of the last convicts sent out to Western Australia. The circumstance annoyed him the more because at the hospital he had fallen desperately in love with a young lady who had left an unsympathetic family circle to be a hospital nurse. They had in the intervals between the attempt

to murder and the conviction contrived to exchange a few kisses and a sufficient number of vows, and so Olive Barrington followed him across the ocean, and in mail carts (where she converted the guards), and the like, to the place of his detention. Here they saw a good deal of each other, for she was the only nurse in the place, and he was practically the only doctor; besides which the governor, a kindly man, made friends with him, whereby he was allowed to go out prescribing with a warder at his heels, and sometimes, when they discovered how singularly well-behaved he was, alone. At last the governor began to talk of getting a remission of his sentence through friends at home; but O'Neil pointed out that if he went home he would be murdered, though how the Fenians had divined his intention not to kill his uncle is not explained. However, Olive caught diphtheria from a disagreeable woman whom she nursed, and died in O'Neil's arms, and shortly after he, standing over her grave, was shot through the heart by a Fenian sent for that purpose; though why it was worth while to murder him when he had penal servitude for life already, and nobody would know whether he was alive or dead, or how the Fenian got there or got away again, is also not explained. The morals of this story are not to be a Fenian and not to kill sea-gulls, and it would be a very good story, indeed, if it were nearly as good as its morals.

Jeff Grant, graduate of Harvard College, came from the West—namely, California—where he had been learning two-thirds of the Persian education of boyhood by being a cowboy, to be the agricultural partner of Mr. Calhoun, of Laburnam City, in some State of the Union further east. He first distinguished himself by attending Divine Service in his cowboy's attire, and with his revolver, and immediately afterwards by shooting two—"or three," as Mr. Barrie's man said who killed the Waits—disolute ruffians who were molesting the beautiful Miss Calhoun. He then became the hero of Laburnam, and was admired of all, especially Miss Calhoun. He assisted the meek and ill-treated daughter of his principal rival in trade to run away from her father and marry the grocer of her choice; and ultimately he became the matrimonial partner of the said Miss Calhoun. All this, and some, but not much, more, is related by Mr. Arthur Paterson with sufficient spirit, and, considering the substance of his tale, in more correct English than one would have expected. The manifold perfections of Mr. Jeff Grant are rather tiresome, and it is not easy to read the book in sympathy with the author.

Mrs. Dines' Jewels is by Mr. Clark Russell. All the action takes place on a sailing ship bound for Australia shortly before 1860, and there are, therefore, plenty of the marine descriptions which nobody who loves the sea and is not clever enough to pick holes in the technicalities can read without gratitude to the author. It is quite a short story, with a plot to which the principal objection is that everything up to and including the catastrophe is quite clear to the reader from a very early moment. After the catastrophe the story suddenly collapses in a rather surprising manner, villany coming to grief far more quickly than is usual in stories of this class, and everything being put right in the simplest fashion imaginable. The many people who like the author's works will only regret that this one is so short.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE.*

WE do not know why English leaders of religion should not be "seriesed" as well as English Men of Letters, English Men of Action, English Statesmen, English Washerwomen, and the like. Moreover, the opening volume of this series—Mr. Hutton's *Newman*—was a book of interest and value. But we are afraid we can hardly say as much of Mr. Daniell's *Wilberforce*. We cannot expect much new fact in such a book at any time—least of all when there is in existence such a voluminous, if in its later parts such a badly-executed, work as that which Canon Ashwell planned and, dying, left to be carried out by the very ill-judging hands of Mr. Reginald Wilberforce. There was also Dr. Burgon's article on the subject, admirable for vivacity, knowledge, and sympathy, if itself somewhat characteristically deficient in judgment. But there was ample room for a bold sketch of the man, his doings and his character, taking, it may be, its facts from these two sources and others, but contributing an independent and consistent criticism, and supplying a connected view of the whole subject. For Bishop Wilberforce was not only a very considerable person, but a very problematical one, and one in whose case there is much room for argument. Mr. Daniell may have endeavoured to give us such a thing; but such a thing, we regret to say, he has most certainly not given. His grasp of his subject is flabby and uncertain; his narrative entirely lacks those bold features of mapping, and that constant maintenance of date before the reader's eye, which are indispensable in such cases, and his attempt to picture the man is chiefly confined to a collection or selection of the best known anecdotes about "Sam," by no means always very well told. Over all the most important and disputable parts of his history, Wilberforce's attitude to the powers that be, his attitude to Church parties, his "slipperiness," and, above all, the formidable *crux* of his conduct in reference to the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, Mr. Daniell slips with awkward rather than adroit omissions or slurrings. Some matters

of very great personal interest and, what is more, of real importance to the subject—such as the famous brush with Lord Derby in the House of Lords—he passes over altogether, or touches only in such faint allusion that readers who did not previously know all about them would hardly be aware of their existence. When we put the book down, and try to separate the idea it gives from the idea previously and independently possessed, we find that idea mostly mist, and wool, and fragment. Even such a safe and obvious thing as a summary of the Bishop's chief literary works is not given. In short, though we have read worse-written series books, books in worse taste, and so forth, we do not know that we have ever read one which is, for the purposes and in the measures of its kind, worse *sans phrase*.

This is no small pity; for, as we have said, there was, if not a real need (for how many things is there a real need?), fair room for the book. The personal memory of Bishop Wilberforce is fading; his official *Life* is huge and not too well judged. The part which he played, though a great one at a momentous time, did not exactly connect him directly and plainly with any particular measure or event in the way which often saves men's memories; and he was too busy in other ways to leave really enduring literature. To put him, once for all, *dans son naturel*, before a generation which will soon have forgotten the deep-mouthed, if not extremely deep-thoughted, eloquence that he would roll forth from the pulpits of St. Mary's and St. Giles's, the Ulyssean shifts in which he got out of the difficulties of *Essays and Reviews*, the Ritual Commission, and other affairs, was worth doing, and in this book at least it has not been done.

Naturally we cannot attempt to do it here. We can only indicate a very few of the lines which the attempt would probably take. Mr. Daniell has, we think, seen, though he has nowhere applied or argued out, the fact that "Samuel" was not so much, as is sometimes thought, a shifty man with certain things steadily in view, as an exceedingly impulsive man whose impulse often made him stumble, and who had, so to speak, to pick himself up again by shifts; and this is one important "light." Another is that, though a man of immense industry and no small reading, he does not seem ever to have elaborated a distinct system of theological or ecclesiastical thought; and he therefore was, or seemed to be, tacking and veering continually between High and Low Church. A third thing, which Mr. Daniell's desire to make things pleasant may have made him burke, is that he was an intensely ambitious man. The Devil's advocate may call it ambition and self-seeking, thinly disguised or not disguised at all; the angel retained for the other side may say that he saw that Samuel Wilberforce could do more than most men for the Church, and therefore strove to put Samuel Wilberforce in a position to do it. Take, for instance, the two crucial passages of the *Life*, that which describes how in the Hampden case he was torn between his dread of losing Court favour and his sense that here was the time to make himself the man of the clergy, and that later one which tells how, having stood up for the Irish Church when he hoped for Canterbury or London from Mr. Disraeli, he turned round and went against the Irish Church ("by the way to Winchester," as Lord Chelmsford's bitter gibe had it), when he was furious with Mr. Disraeli and hopeful from Mr. Gladstone. These two passages demand of any biographer that he shall sit down and argue them thoroughly out. Mr. Daniell has not argued them out, has in the second and graver instance devoted no argument at all to them, and so he has, we think, lost a considerable opportunity.

HANDBOOKS TO SOLO WHIST AND POKER.*

MR. ROSE begins his handbook to solo whist by boldly throwing down the gauntlet to ancient whist-players who despise all pastime less severe; he undertakes to convert them to his opinion that in the new game more variety of style is needed, and more daring; and that, with a run of bad cards, you lose less than at whist proper, while one bad player does not spoil a rubber. Mr. Rose gives in a few pages, at the end of his book, the special rules of solo whist; but he writes for those who have a fair knowledge of the old game, and his teachings are thrown into the form of conversation between imaginary players meeting night after night at a club. There is somewhat too much of an attempt to be funny, and to indulge in a bantering style; but it must be admitted that the method of exposition is better adapted to capture casual readers, and so to secure adherents to the game, than a mere dry and scientific treatise even with the precision of Hoyle. Though professing to hold that the old game is exploded, the author allows that it is invaluable as the best and only training for solo whist. Boston and Ghent whist are assigned as the ancestors of solo; but the pedigree might be carried back to a much older game, Ombre, a leading principle of which is embodied in it—namely, that one player undertakes to win with his hand alone against the others combined. From this it follows that the method of play is in many respects different to that of old whist; for instance, as the caller has no partner to inform, his business is to deceive the other players; but, before a card is led, the calling and accepting convey a great

* *Solo: a Handbook to the Ways and Wickedness of Solo Whist.* By Edward Rose. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith.

The Handbook of Poker. By William James Florence. London: Routledge & Sons. 1892.

* *English Leaders of Religion—Bishop Wilberforce.* By G. W. Daniell. London: Methuen.

deal of information as to where strength lies. Since the partners are changed every deal, or thereabouts, it is a long while before they get to understand each other as they do in whist proper. Mr. Rose neatly sums up the idiosyncrasies of solo by saying that at it you know more of the cards and less of the people. Almost equally good is his definition of a pass:—

Do nothing; masterly inaction; lie low and let some one else try his tuck—then trip him up.

Mr. Rose has certainly made out his case to the extent of establishing that there is great variety and plenty of opportunity of using your head at solo whist, though probably few whist-players will allow that he has proved that solo is the better game of the two.

Mr. Florence's *Handbook of Poker* embodies the latest deviations and alterations of the game as based on the rules first codified by General Schenck when American Minister in London; but, to meet the wants of a new generation of players, Mr. Florence has found it necessary to amplify these into a new code of his own. He meets the charge that poker is a purely gambling game by maintaining that, for limited stakes, it is a fascinating and harmless pastime; to this end he suggests that the limit of each bet should never be more than ten times the amount of the ante, since to play without a limit is a temptation to fraud. Detailed recommendations are given for the management of each kind of hand which it is possible to hold, varied, as it should be, with reference to the position of the player at the table. But Mr. Florence rightly insists that no absolute rules can be given for every particular case; a good player varies his game, as his main object is to deceive his adversary. Advice may be, and is, given so as to limit losses; but too cautious a game—such, for instance, as never going in with less than a pair of face cards—would never be popular at a social table, and would, moreover, defeat its own object by conveying information to the opponents. A player who is known never to bluff will not win much even when he holds good cards; to be successfully played the game must ever be changing in its methods. Another point on which Mr. Florence lays stress is, that it is impossible to estimate the value of a hand; the heaviest losses may be made on four Kings; his advice is that you should never think how much you may win on a good hand, but how much you can lose. To some innovations Mr. Florence will lend no countenance whatever; "skips," "tigers," "round the corners," and "blazes" should, he holds, be rigidly tabooed. But there is one addition to the game, that of "Jackpots," which, though he evidently regards it with little favour, he is obliged to admit within his rules, as being of almost universal acceptance to-day. His objection to "Jackpots" is that they are contrary to the spirit of the game, as preventing a successful bluff, and arbitrarily forcing every player to ante; further, they considerably increase the opportunities of fraud. Mr. Florence gives an illustrated description of marked cards and other devices for entrapping the unwary; and for those who wish to go into the mathematical probabilities of the game he quotes Mr. Richard A. Proctor's *Chance Loves*. The little volume, which may take rank as the latest authority on this fascinating game, closes with some capital American anecdotes. General Schenck gave four requisites for success at poker—good luck, good cards, plenty of cheek, and good temper; to these Mr. Florence adds the following bit of advice:—"Push your luck when winning; stay out when losing until a little better hand than the average comes to you."

STATE PAPERS AND CHRONICLES.*

THE State papers calendared in the present volume carry on the history of the reign of Charles I. from the Parliament's victory at Naseby in June 1645 to the final collapse of the Royalist cause and the imprisonment of the King in Carisbrooke Castle. In the preface, the editor, Mr. W. Douglas Hamilton, supplies an interesting commentary upon the political and the military history of the period. With Ranke, he holds that if the chief cause of the King's disasters be sought for, it will be found in the rivalry between the civil and the military holders of power on the Royalist side. On the other side, after the passing of the Self-denying Ordinance, the military element reigned supreme, with great immediate advantage, though in some ways with ultimate detriment, to the Parliament. Then, too, the Parliament and its army possessed the sinews of war. "On the King's side everything was wanting, no regular assessments could be levied, as in the City of London and the Eastern Association, and but for the resources supplied by the nobility and gentry, with the

utmost self-devotion, the Royalist cause must have collapsed long previous to this date." One of the letters in this volume tells us that the Duke of Richmond's brother, Lord Bernard Stuart, was reduced to so low an ebb by his pecuniary losses at Naseby that he was unable to pay the fees for his patent as Earl of Lichfield, which rank and title the King proposed to bestow upon him. The letter is annotated in the margin in His Majesty's own hand, "Barny done," implying, as the editor, in more stately phrase, explains, "that Lord Bernard Stuart's resources were now come to an end." The date is September 4, 1645—the day on which Bristol, then held by Prince Rupert for the King, was first summoned by Fairfax. Rupert, who had undertaken to hold out for three months at least, capitulated upon honourable terms in about a week from the first summons. This apparently premature surrender raised suspicions of Rupert's honour. Charles wrote indignantly of "so mean an action as is the rendering up of Bristol castle and fort on the terms it was." Edward Walsingham urged that His Majesty should express "his high dislike and distrust to Prince Rupert, which is most certainly sold away, whatever fair glosses may be put upon it." Henrietta Maria, so it was reported, "gives it out at Paris that Prince Rupert sold Bristol for money." Yet on the 18th of September Sir Edward Nicholas writes to the King that he hears that "Prince Rupert hath not 50*l.* in all the world, but is reduced to so great extremity as he hath not wherewith to feed himself or servants." A council of officers acquitted him of any military dereliction of duty; but the King still could not forgive him, holding that he ought to have stood out for better terms. Mr. Hamilton undertakes his defence:—"When it is considered whom Rupert had to deal with, and that this was the second summons, the terms obtained were exceptionally good. Had Rupert held out longer he would have exposed both the soldiers and citizens to the fate which subsequently befell the garrison of Basing House"—that is to say, to be put to the sword, or at best to be thoroughly plundered.

The originals of many letters in this, as in preceding volumes, are, wholly or in part, in cipher. Of the ciphers employed, the editor gives an interesting account. The form in most general use was a numerical one, to which the keys have been supplied by Colonel J. S. Rothwell, of the Staff College. The deciphered letters are printed in full in a supplement—for when part at least of the text was printed, the clue was still undiscovered. This numerical cipher was the one most favoured by the two Royalist Secretaries, Digby and Nicholas. But there was also the method of conveying secret intelligence under the guise of merchants' correspondence. Analogous systems appear to continue in vogue to this day—have we not heard of "pens" for revolvers, and of bombs passing under the pretty name of "love-apples"? There seems to be no great art in this sort of thing, but the system can be much improved upon by the application of the "grill," a sheet of paper pierced with horizontal apertures, in which the words of the secret message are written, the rest of the missive being afterwards filled with mere verbiage. Experts are capable of solving this cipher, but the task is long and laborious. Finally, there is an ingenious form of cipher which appears to have been used in the time of Charles I. for correspondence with Flanders and France, though no examples are to be found among the Domestic Series of State Papers. It is in substance the same as that which, if we mistake not, is recommended by Jomini for military purposes—the double alphabet inscribed in a square, with a key-word or sentence. In the specimen preserved in the Record Office the key-words are OPTIMUS DOMINUS. But to give this sort of cipher its highest degree of security, the key-sentences should never be written down, but should be learnt by heart, or found by reference to a previously selected passage in a book of which each of the correspondents possesses a copy. Perhaps this refinement of secrecy had not been arrived at in the days of Charles I.

Among the papers in this volume is one of no great historical importance, but interesting as giving a glimpse of life and manners. It is the information of one John Summersall, of Shoreditch, weaver, concerning a connexion of his, "Master Hurst, D.D.," who is reported by the delator to have uttered the opinion that "These Roundheads were the most pestilent people that lived." Dr. Hurst "had an estate of his own worth 500*l.* per annum before the wars began, and kept his coach and his footboy to attend upon him; and it was his usual custom, when he invited any gentlemen of his own coat to his table, to have a set of music to usher in each several dish." This, if true, certainly seems rather magnificent, even for a D.D. The informant protests that it is on the highest public grounds alone that he reports all this and much more to the Committee for Compounding—his sense of duty was so strong that he "could not rest till he had intimated the same to this Committee, notwithstanding his alliance to Hurst through the marriage of the doctor with his uncle's daughter." But we suspect that we have the key to his uncounsellor-like conduct when we read "that this informant's uncle . . . lately dying possessed of an estate of about 10,000*l.*, made Dr. Hurst his executor, who did instigate and solicit this informant's uncle to give nothing to any of his kindred who were Roundheads." Here we catch sight of the sordid domestic jealousies and hates which lurk behind the grander strife of politics. Towards the end of the volume we have summaries of a collection of newspapers for the year 1647, from which may be gathered much miscellaneous intelligence. We hear how the captive King, moving from Royston to Hatfield, is received with every mark of joy by the countryfolk, who, if the correspondent t he

* *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of Charles I. 1645-1647.* Preserved in Her Majesty's Public Record Office. Edited by William Douglas Hamilton, F.S.A., of H.M. Public Record Office, and the University of London. Under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls, and with the Sanction of Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Home Department. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode; Edinburgh and Glasgow: John Menzies & Co.; Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co.

A Collection of the Chronicles and Ancient Histories of Great Britain, now called England, by John de Waurin, Lord of Forestel. Translated by Edward L. G. Hardy, F.S.A., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. From A.D. 1422 to A.D. 1431. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury, under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode; Edinburgh and Glasgow: John Menzies & Co.; Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co.

Kingdom's Weekly Intelligencer is to be taken literally, strewed roses along his way. From the *Perfect Occurrences or Every Day Journal in Parliament and other Moderate Intelligence*, we learn that a Committee of the House of Commons has reported that one Captain George Wharton "hath put forth an almanac for the next year, wherein the Archbishop of Canterbury [Laud] is entered in the calendar for a martyr." From the same journal we also obtain an insight into the conditions of domestic service. An Ordinance is brought in, "concerning 'play-days' for youth who are servants or scholars." The "she servants," it is observed, "need no Ordinance for play-days," as "most of them contract a piece out of every day." The *London Post* reports that "an Anabaptist woman in Kent cut off the head of her own child because she would not have him baptized," and the *Kingdom's Weekly Intelligencer* has a tale of a Warwickshire yeoman who sold his wife, apparently as a mere freak, for in less than a quarter of an hour he endeavoured to buy her back, and being baffled by the wife's not unnatural refusal to return, "hath since made his complaint to all the justices in that county, and because he cannot get her by love is resolved to try if he can get her by law." These may serve as specimens of the *faits divers* of Civil-War journalism.

In the *Rolls Series* we have another volume of Mr. Edward Hardy's translation of the *Chronicles of John of Wavrin*, the Froissart of the fifteenth century, whose original French work has been printed in five volumes of the same series. The present volume extends from the death of Charles VI. of France in 1422 to the burning in 1431 of that "monstrous woman, Joan the maid"—for Wavrin, as a Burgundian, has no sympathy with the heroine of France. We may observe that, in the passage descriptive of the preparation of the Maid for her introduction to the Dauphin, the verb *could*, in the phrase "the way in which she could conduct herself," must, we think, be a slip for *should*, the original being "la maniere quelle avoit a tenir." Wavrin was serving under the Englishman Sir John Fastolf when that commander and Talbot were defeated by the Maid at Patay. At an earlier period he bore a part in the Duke of Bedford's victory at Verneuil, of which battle he gives a long account, taking care, with laudable exactitude, to state that on some details he speaks from the information of others. "For I," he parenthetically observes, "could not see or comprehend the whole, since I was sufficiently occupied in defending myself." The translation reads easily, and is successful in preserving the characteristic *naïveté* and frankness of Wavrin's style.

THE EPISODE OF THE BAB.*

THOUGH with the majority of orthodox Muhammadans, whether Shiāhs or Sunnees, the finality of a revelation to Muhammad is the foundation of their faith, yet this belief by no means excludes the possibility of future reforms and developments. Reformers may arise anywhere in the East. The Koran, to use the language of modern scepticism, must be brought "up to date," and wherever there is trouble, disaffection, mutiny, or unrest, from the North-West Frontier of India to the borders of the Soudan, we are sure to be told that the Imam Mahdi is about to make his appearance, to overthrow the infidels, rejoice the hearts of the faithful, and introduce the millennium. So about sixty years ago there was born in Shiraz a young merchant of pure lineage, who at the age of twenty-five asserted his claim to be the expected Prophet. This self-assertion, of course, led to great searchings of heart amongst Mullahs and divines. There were meetings, conferences, and discussions, which had the not uncommon result of confirming every speaker on either side in his own doxy. Meanwhile the doctrines took root and the sect increased. Governors and Ministers of State became alarmed. All sorts of heretical and impious tenets were ascribed to the Reformers. We should state that they became known by the term Bābi. Their founder and exponent was the Bāb. Now, Bāb means "a gate," and there seems to be considerable difference of opinion as to the precise meaning of this term. It may mean "the gate of truth," or the "door" by which a Muhammadan may attain to the knowledge of God; or that by which men arrive at the understanding of the Twelfth Imam. It is undeniable that the Bāb himself met with harsh treatment at the hands of the orthodox. His turban was knocked off his head. His beard was plucked and he was scourged in public. Finally, with a companion, he was suspended by ropes and shot at by a file of soldiers. When the smoke cleared away the Bāb was found unharmed; and if, instead of taking refuge in the bazar, he had got clear away from the town of Tabriz, high and low would have been firmly persuaded that his escape had been due to a miracle, and one half of Persia might have become Bābi. Re-apprehended, the prophet was speedily riddled with bullets. This event happened in 1850, and it was followed by a cruel persecution of the sect, some members of which, by way of reprisal, committed one of those acts which in another country

have been called "mistakes." In August, 1852, some Bābis were ill advised enough to make an attempt on the life of the Shah. Teheran was in an uproar. The would-be murderers were apprehended, and though the Shah escaped with slight injury, no less than thirty persons were put to death in reprisal, with refinements of torture which our Minister at the Persian capital was unable to prevent. The Shah's Prime Minister, in order to enlist the nobles and pillars of the State, as they are termed, on the side of the sovereign, as well as to make them objects of hatred to the Bābis, spread the execution of the offenders over the different departments of the State. The Steward of the Shah fired the first shot at one victim. A second was slain by the Prime Minister's son and by the Head of the Foreign Office. Lesser offenders were assigned to priests, eminent merchants, artillerymen, and infantry. A favourite physician of the Shah, a native of France, excused himself from taking any part in this affair by grimly remarking that he had already killed too many persons in the exercise of his own profession. The extreme severity of this retaliation, attended with gouging out of eyes, and making holes in the bodies of the sufferers into which lighted candles and gunpowder were inserted, overshot the mark. Sympathy was felt and expressed for the sect. In the end two brothers on whom the mantle of the Bāb had fallen had to leave Persia and take refuge in the Sultan's dominions at Adrianople, from which place, under pressure from the Shah, they were eventually deported. One known as Beha-Ulla now resides at Acre, and the other, Mirza Yahiyā, called Subh-i-Azel, or the "Morning of Eternity," has found a safe refuge at Famagusta, in Cyprus, under the British flag.

This historical summary is necessary to understand the aim of the work before us. Mr. Browne, who is an excellent Persian and Arabic scholar, in the course of his studies took up the subject of the Bābis, and was so charmed by Count Gobineau's book on *Les Religions et Philosophies dans l'Asie Centrale*, that he undertook a journey to Persia in order to fathom the mysteries of the new sect, and to make the acquaintance of its most eminent living exponents. We readily admit that two very different pictures have been drawn of this movement. The Bābis have been described by orthodox Muhammadans and by English travellers as dangerous and bloodthirsty fanatics. By others and by themselves they are pictured as reformers of a pure and exalted type. Our learned Cambridge Professor, having with some difficulty got leave of absence from his duties, went to the East, visited Shiraz, spent a year in Persia, conversed with members of the sect, collected manuscripts, digested and annotated memoranda, poems, and letters, and, finally, to his inexpressible delight, after considerable delay and obstruction, was introduced to Mirza Yahiyā, in Cyprus, and to Beha-Ulla, at Acre. What followed may be easily anticipated by any one with the least knowledge of the Oriental character. The Cambridge Professor surrendered at once. The "Morning of Eternity" bore no resemblance to a cut-throat. He was a benevolent old man of sixty years of age, with an ample forehead; clear, searching blue eyes; and a long grey beard. He greeted his visitor with that politeness and dignity which Orientals of the old school invariably display in their intercourse with Englishmen, and Granta or its representative could only bless when brought face to face with the appointed successor of the Bāb and the Fourth Letter of the First Unity. But even if Mirza Yahiyā had failed in impressing Mr. Browne, Beha-Ulla and his two sons must have carried conviction. It is evident that access to this potentate was not very easy; but when at last admitted, the sight was irresistible—a wondrous and venerable figure, once seen, could never be forgotten. Beha-Ulla had piercing eyes. Power and authority sat on his brow. His face was furrowed, betokening age, and yet his hair and beard were jet black. The speech of this holy man did not belie his appearance. All nations, he argued, ought to become one in faith. Diversity of religion and differences of race were to end. Ruinous wars should cease, and men ought no longer to glory because they loved their country, but because they loved their kind. We think that we have heard similar utterances elsewhere, without the accompaniments of a flowing beard, eyes that read one's soul, and graceful and polished Persian. We must not omit to state that the practical result of these visits is the printing and translation of a precious manuscript in the two volumes now before us.

Whatever may be the opinion of Mr. Browne's capacity for understanding the Oriental character, his research, learning, and linguistic attainments can only be spoken of in terms of praise. His first volume contains a vindication of Bābi doctrines in little more than two hundred pages. Though the utmost care has been taken in the revision of the Persian text and in the assignment of the diacritical points to their proper letters, we could wish that it had not been thought necessary to reproduce the exact features of the original manuscript. To all but very skilled Orientalists there is something repellent in the running hand in which so many manuscripts are written, with very few breaks, with very small spaces between each word, and with words at the end of many lines piled one on the top of the other. The Persian character employed by Mr. Platts for his *Urdu Grammar*, and that of the *Vizir of Lankuran* and other works, would have facilitated the labours of students and critics. We note, however, that in the margin of the English translation the corresponding pages of the original are always given, and this renders the task of comparison easy. It is only bare justice to add that, from an examination of a few pages, we are deeply impressed by the force

* *A Traveller's Narrative: written to illustrate the Episode of the Bāb.* Edited in the Original Persian, and Translated into English, with an Introduction and Explanatory Notes. By Edward G. Browne, M.A., M.B., Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and Lecturer in Persian to the University of Cambridge. Vol. I.—Persian Texts. Vol. II.—English Translation and Notes. Cambridge: at the University Press.

and accuracy of the English version. In the second volume the notes form an appendix, and they swell a book originally of 170 pages to 425. This arises from the author's extreme anxiety to do justice to his subject. We find notes on the various accounts of the sect by European and Persian hands, extracts in the original, letters addressed to the Shah, abridgments from the *Tarikh-i-Jadid*, or New History, explanations of doctrinal and difficult points, executions, martyrdoms, and assassinations, and the re-arrangement of the Muhammadan Calendar; the Báb having an evident wish to restore the old reckoning as well as to purify a corrupt faith. With all this the author has taken an infinite deal of pains and has shown real scholarship.

The main question, however, must be the following. Are the Bábis dangerous revolutionists or harmless and persecuted saints? Lady Sheil, in her two entertaining volumes on Persia, published in 1856, speaks of this sect as having for its basis Atheism under the cloak of Pantheism. Everything is God. Báb himself is God. Death is not real; and virtue and vice, as well as property, have no existence. Lady Sheil sums up the main principles as "Materialism, Communism, and the entire indifference of good and evil of all human actions." If any deduction is to be made from this sweeping censure because the writer derived her information from obviously hostile sources, it must not be forgotten that Lady Sheil resided for years at Teheran, was acquainted with the language, and was in a position to judge of the general effect of Bábí doctrines on the minds and actions of the native community. Mr. R. Binning, of the Madras Civil Service, in his *Journal of Two Years' Travel in Persia and Ceylon*, mentions this sect in terms which Mr. Browne considers "hostile, unfair," and almost "libellous." Now, Mr. Binning was in Persia about the same time as Lady Sheil, and possibly only listened to one side of the dispute. He heard the Bábis accused of want of belief in a future state, as well as of Socialism and profligacy; but we find on examining his account that he acknowledged the difficulty he felt in ascertaining their exact tenets. The passage in which he mentions the Bábis is short and hardly justifies Mr. Browne's indignation. Of course in the book before us we do not find and we did not expect to find a gospel of avowed robbery, sedition, and assassination. The new religion is there one of equity, godliness, and purity. The Báb indites a letter to the Shah explanatory of the sincerity and loyalty of his followers. In other passages he dwells on the necessity of resignation, of obedience to Divine commandments, and of the attainment of human perfections, and he expressly confines his preaching to spiritual as opposed to secular reforms. Also he takes occasion to praise the just laws and uniform fair dealing and equity which have given to a little island in the North Atlantic dominion over the vast territory of the East Indies. Probably some explanation of the above diversity of views may be found in the difference of the writer's position at one time and another. When there was a chance of upsetting the older creed with a high hand, the Báb and his followers were all for the sword which worked such wonders in the hands of Muhammad's immediate successors. Persecution, banishment, and depression have suggested the use of moderate language, very much as the speakers at the so-called National Congress of India have discovered that their disloyalty to the British Raj must be discreetly veiled. But Mr. Browne, with his engaging simplicity of belief, seems to have experienced a shock when a very respectable Sayyid at Shiraz, a Bábí, taxed with violence and bloodshed, expressed his extreme surprise that any one should deny to a prophet the right of "removing" an enemy just as a surgeon removes a gangrened limb. It is also quite clear that there is no love lost between the followers of the rival brothers, Beha-Ulla and Mirza Yahiyá; for the author of the *Haft Bihisht*, or the "Eight Paradises," roundly accuses the partisans of the first of murdering the supporters of the second. And if poison was mixed with the food of the one, the other arranged that a barber should cut his rival's throat in the bath. We could wish that, in justice to the new prophet, limited space had allowed us to quote a really fine and eloquent passage at page 142, Vol. II., about the silence of the tomb and the vanity of human wishes. It is suggestive of Thackeray and his short poem on King Solomon and the Cedars.

NEW MUSIC.

VOLUME III. of the *Songs of England* is the latest addition to Messrs. Boosey & Co.'s popular series of Royal Song-Books. It contains 72 songs ranging from Purcell to Sullivan; but the period principally represented is the middle third of the present century. Balfe, Bishop, Wallace, Loder, and Hatton account for some thirty songs between them. Balfe is particularly well represented with "Come into the Garden, Maud," "When other Lips," "Good Night, Good Night, Beloved," and several more general favourites. Superior persons disdain the simple and melodious Irishman; but the public loves him well, and with reason; he was a genuine song-writer. Hatton's contributions are not of his best, and the same may be said of Sterndale Bennett's single song. Of the two from Purcell, one is "Let the dreadful engines," in almost the same arrangement as that familiarized by Mr. Santley's inimitable singing; but this fine *scena* is not for every singer. The eighteenth century has been pretty well pillaged for previous

volumes; but Arne, Dibdin, Dr. Calcott, and one or two others again make a respectable show. The editor is Mr. Eaton Fanning, who has judiciously transposed a good many of the songs for high voices—particularly those of Balfe and Wallace—so as to bring them within general reach. Nor need young tenors think shame to sing "Come into the Garden, Maud," for instance, in the lower key; for it is that in which Mr. Sims Reeves has delighted and instructed us all this many a day. In fine, Messrs. Boosey's latest volume is sure to meet with a hearty welcome, and all the more because it contains many songs besides those already mentioned, such as "The Diver" and "She wandered down the mountain-side," which have hitherto cost individually nearly as much as the whole book. It is a wonderful half-crown's worth.

Novello & Co.'s excellent series of "Music Primers" is continued with *Fugue Subjects*, by A. W. Marchant, and *Hand Gymnastics*, by Ridley Prentice. The first may be considered a sequel to the primer on Fugue. It consists of five hundred examples of subject and answer, selected with much industry from a very large number of writers, and annotated by the compiler. In an appendix a hundred subjects are given for exercises, the answers to be supplied by the student. The volume is a useful and careful contribution to the study of composition. Mr. Prentice's *Hand Gymnastics* aim at supplying the young pianist with a series of wrist, hand, and finger exercises which will further the development and control of the muscles without the fatigue caused by prolonged practice at the key-board. The exercises are ingenious, but the idea savours too much of the greatest fad of our day—the omnipotent "scientific." It has long taken possession of singing, and in that department daily makes fools of hundreds of young men and women. We cannot pretend to welcome its extension into other regions. There is no "scientific" short cut to accomplishment in art. What Mr. Prentice says about the evils of excessive practice is perfectly true; but the proper answer to that is that pianists so ill endowed by nature as to be unable to acquire the requisite technique without practising themselves into a state of nervous prostration had better leave it alone. He says "gymnastics and key-board exercise combined will give more than double the results obtainable from key-board exercise alone." If he is speaking from actual experience, so be it; but we have our doubts, which are not diminished by his repetition of the current nonsense about abdominal, costal, and clavicular breathing. When the unscientific man is bitten by "science" he is lost. N.B. The diaphragm is not a "membrane."

No. 26 of Novello's Albums for Violin and Pianoforte contains Eight Pieces by Ethel M. Boyce. They are a delightful set, as musicianly and poetical as they are unpretentious. Another album of Ten Pieces for the Violoncello, by Arnold Dolmetsch, is also very good in a similar style. "My Soul truly waiteth," a choral setting of Psalm lxxii., by Gerard F. Cobb, written for the North-Eastern Cathedral Festival to be held next July, shows the composer thoroughly at home in this class of work. "The Two Advents," cantata, by Dr. G. Garrett, is from the hand of a musician, but he is too hard on his sopranos. Perhaps the American choir, for which it is written, can with native tallness manage the long final high A on the word *high*; but here the result would be painful. On the other hand, Mr. Rockstro, in his very interesting edition of Palestrina's Mass, *O Admirabile commercium*, in the Mixolydian mode, has been at the pains of transposing it in order to avoid the high G. This noble work should engage the attention of Choral Societies and Roman Catholic choirs. Two songs—"O Rushing Wind," by R. B. Addison, and "Lead, kindly Light," by Roland Rogers—are both of a superior order. The former should be a certain success for baritones in the concert-room. Three compositions for the organ—a Sonata by Oliver King, Fantasia Sonata by B. Luard Selby, and Fantasia by E. Silas—complete Messrs. Novello's interesting budget. These last may be safely commended to competent organists.

Robert Cocks & Co. are bringing out what promises to be a very useful series of "Modern Methods." The first two numbers deal with the Pianoforte (Walter Macfarren) and the Violin (Otto Peiniger); both are very good. Of course, in all such works there is an immense amount of repetition, but there always seems to be something new to say or a new way of saying old things. The use of photographs to illustrate the proper position of the hands and fingers is a modern feature of considerable value, as it gives the pupil an objective standard which can be kept before the eye in home practice. Mr. Macfarren's plan of illustrating each scale in turn by an original composition is decidedly good, but some of the examples strike us as rather too difficult for beginners. Mr. Peiniger deserves the highest praise for the great pains he has taken to deal clearly and concisely with every mechanical detail, however small. His Violin Method is exceptionally thorough in every respect.

From the same house we have also the following. "Quatre Morceaux de Salon" for violin and piano, by Emile Sauret, are evidently the work of a violinist, and likely to be more appreciated by players than by the public; one hears the composer listening with delight to every note of his own instrument, oblivious of general boredom; they are musical "documents" rather than compositions. "Sonatina," by Dussek, fingered, &c., by Adolphe Schloesser, will help to guide young pianists in the way they should go. "Innamorata," waltz, by Florence Fare, is just a waltz; but "Our Empire," quick march, by Carl Kiefert, is only the ghost of a march, quick or otherwise. "Six Husbands,"

by J. M. Capel, is not half a bad humorous bass song, which will probably give unfeigned satisfaction to every masculine audience.

G. Ricordi & Co. send us some nice songs, among which the place of honour shall be given to Miss Maude V. White. She does not lack courage in challenging comparisons, for her first song, "Er ist gekommen," is indissolubly connected with Franz, and her second is no other than "John Anderson, my Jo." But Miss White comes well out of the fray, as usual; both songs are full of strength and feeling, and she has written none more singable. Luigi Vannucini's "The Vision" illustrates once more the amazing Italian gift for *cantabile* writing, and for making a charming something out of nothing. "Heaven's Answer," by Charles Deacon, is a skilful and agreeable song for contralto. "By the restless Breakers," by Thomas Hutchinson, is effective but common.

FARQUHAR'S PLAYS.*

IT is recorded that Miss Burney's Evelina, going to Mr. Congreve's *Love for Love*, found herself "perpetually out of countenance." And, indeed, even in the unblushing privacy of the critical study, it is not quite easy to peruse the light-hearted dramas of that day without a growing feeling that one has entered for the nonce into extremely questionable society. One hears, it is true, in these gay comedies of Captain Farquhar, a number of names that one has heard before—Scrub, Clincher, Lady Bountiful, Captain Brazen, Sir Harry Wildair (was not that Woffington's part?), Boniface the host with his eternal "as the saying is," Cherry his daughter (whom Miss Hardcastle thought she resembled), Silvia, and Dicky, and half a dozen others. And we remember that it is to Sergeant Kite that we owe the song of "Over the Hills and Far Away"; and that it is the above-mentioned Scrub who utters the admirable "I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly." Yet, as one reads further, and more closely, it becomes more difficult to console oneself with "*Autres temps, autres mœurs*." Sooner or later one lays down the volume under the conviction that, with every desire to make allowance for the writer's vivacity, and to put the most indulgent construction on his animal spirits, it would be more candid to call the one reckless immodesty, and the other plain sensuality. Farquhar's male characters are, in short, no better than what Lady Mary called Tom Jones—i.e. "sorry scoundrels"—and as for his women, they are best described in that half line of Pope about "no characters at all." Seriously, if we are to be flooded with Restoration reprints, is it not time to consider whether the game is really worth the candle? Certainly the multiplication of copies is not a felt want. "Booksellers' Row" still yields a supply sufficient for the genuine students of literature and manners, and beyond that there is no adequate reason for the further circulation of efforts which it is no longer decent to put upon the stage.

Having said so much, we may admit that Mr. Nimmo's pair of volumes are, as usual, well printed and produced. The editor, now dead, was an industrious worker in the literature of the last century, witness his life of Sir Robert Walpole. He also edited Congreve for the "Mermaid Series." But it would be needlessly to stretch the teaching of *De mortuis* to say that he gave us his best work on the present occasion. His biographical sketch of Farquhar, though it proves the writer to have been better than his works, is slight and colourless. The little volume of 1702 called *Love and Business*, to which Mr. Gosse refers in his *Eighteenth Century Literature*, and which he has used so effectively in his recent Book-room essays, is not so much as mentioned. The notes, too, if accurate, might easily have been fuller, especially when they illustrate, as they frequently do, the social life of the time. But as the editor died before the volumes were well through the press, it is only charitable to assume that they do not represent his full intentions with regard to them.

MAID MARIAN.†

IN his preface to *Maid Marian*, Dr. Garnett touches on the question of Peacock's originality—not of treatment, for that is indisputable, but of subject. Does this charming and sunshiny idyl owe anything to *Ivanhoe*? The question is decided in favour of Peacock by the aid of certain dates, of which Dr. Garnett observes that "were they not irrefragably established it would be difficult to credit him with absolute independence of *Ivanhoe*." We confess we never had a doubt as to Peacock's originality in the choice of subject. The dates given prove that he was meditating his sylvan theme eighteen months before Scott's romance was published, and it is quite certain that he could not have known that Scott was engaged upon a work in which King John and Cœur de Lion and Robin Hood figured. But it is another matter to accept the dates as proof of absolute independence of Scott. It seems to us that they neither prove nor disprove this, and the settlement of the point now lies in no dates,

* *The Dramatic Works of George Farquhar*. Edited, with Life and Notes, by Alex. Charles Ewald, F.S.A. 2 vols. London: Nimmo, 1892.

† *Maid Marian*. By Thomas Love Peacock. Edited by Richard Garnett, LL.D. London: Dent & Co.

but in the reader's mind. *Maid Marian* appeared in 1822. *Ivanhoe* was published in December 1819, at which date Peacock's story, "all but completed," says Dr. Garnett, "had lain in his desk for a twelvemonth." This takes us back to the middle of December 1818, when Peacock left Marlow for London to fill his post at the India House, and was compelled to put his story aside for a time. Commenting on this, Dr. Garnett writes, "as, excepting the last three chapters, it was entirely composed in 1818, it must have made very rapid progress." The progress must have been even more extraordinary than this statement suggests. As late as the beginning of August 1818 nothing had been done; for, as his Diary shows, Peacock was then "scheming" his romance, and could not read or work for thinking of it. Thus we have only four months for the composition of all but the last three chapters. But at the end of November he writes to Shelley of "a comic romance of the twelfth century, which I shall make the vehicle of much oblique satire on all the oppressions that are done under the sun." Now this does not read like a report of progress. If we take the future tense literally, as it is natural to do, there would remain only a fortnight before the interruption caused by Peacock's work at the India House. In either case it is clear that the easy-going epicurean poet must have worked with uncommon energy. Perhaps it was the congenial theme, conjoined with the inspiration of a fine, dry, fiery summer, that moved Peacock to such activity. Then his official duties took him off from his bright creative mood, and his manuscript, we must assume, lay in his desk until the sudden rising of *Ivanhoe* suggested that it was time he should "trick his beams" and try the morning sky. Still, it is evident he was deliberate in the attempt, for he let more than two years slip by before he published.

There is really no proof whatever of any departure on Peacock's part from his original plan by reason of the publication and immediate popularity of *Ivanhoe*. Excepting for their odd and fortuitous conjunction in Planche's libretto, the idea of a parallel between two romances so admirable and so diverse is not merely "extravagant," as Dr. Garnett puts it, but abhorrent to the critical mind. It may be interesting to compare Brother Michael and the Clerk of Copmanhurst. We may set side by side the opening scene of *Ivanhoe*, with Gurth and Wamba in the woodland, and one of Peacock's brilliant pictures of a merry life in the "grene shawe." But the only result of this comparative study will be to intensify our sense of the elemental difference between the scheme and the execution of the two works. The animating spirit of the one is not that of the other. Peacock's jolly fighting friar is a veritable creation. He is persuasive in speech and song and acts. The scenes in *Maid Marian* do not depend for their action upon characters that recall the Jonsonian comedy of humours. Definite individuality is to be noted of each one of them, and the comedy that springs from their interaction has a purely natural flow, exhilarating and unpremeditated. As to the pictorial setting, as in the exquisite breakfast scene at Arlingford Castle, or the beautiful picture of the May-day sports at Gamwell, or the christening of Marian in Sherwood, so long as romance and poetry preserve their hold on the imagination of men its charm will never lack acknowledgment. In the lyrics of *Maid Marian* Peacock has given us of his best. There is the "matchless ballad," as Dr. Garnett well styles it, "Bold Robin has robbed him in ghostly attire." Scarcely inferior is the song of the friar and the foresters, with its irresistible choral conclusion, "Oh! bold Robin Hood is a forester good." In another vein the ballad of "The Friar of Orders free"—the Friar of Rubygill—and the ballad of the ghostly damsel who haunted the ferry are among the happiest examples of Peacock's lyrical gifts. Nor are the snatches of song, that occur as bird-like voices in the woodland, less perfect. The second duet of Michael and Matilda is an admirable example of natural song:—

Though I be now a grey, grey friar,
Yet I was once a hale young knight;
The cry of my dogs was the only choir
In which my spirit did take delight.

Little I recked of matin bell,
But drowned its toll with my clanging horn;
And the only beads I loved to tell
Were the beads of dew on the spangled thorn.

MAPS, ATLASES, AND BOOKS OF GEOGRAPHY.

IT is seldom that Mr. Stanford fails to put in a good appearance in any collection of topographical and cartographical work, and on the present occasion he is well represented by a *Handy Atlas of Modern Geography* and by his *Library Map of London*. The first is a cheap, really handy, and well-selected collection of thirty maps, each twelve inches by ten, and well filled and coloured. We have never been quite able to make up our minds whether, in atlases of this class and calibre, the index is worth the great space it occupies. For purposes of mere reference, especially to persons of no very extensive geographical information, it is, no doubt, invaluable; but then we have known such persons experience not a little difficulty in using it. To the better informed it is somewhat superfluous, since it is rare that a name occurs in book or newspaper without at least some approximate indication whereabouts the place lies. On the

whole, however, we suppose it would be missed. On the value of the *Library Map of London* we have more than once descanted. No one can know London now as it was once possible to know it. And no one has reconciled himself to this impossibility with such frank and guileless thoroughness as the London cabman. It would seem improbable that Aristotle should be a favourite study on the box or the perch; but every cabman nowadays is an Aristotelian in his acceptance of the philosopher's dictum that "accuracy must not be expected." Therefore it is well to be able to orientate oneself before starting, and for this purpose Mr. Stanford's map is excellent. Its scale being six inches to a mile, everything of real importance can be noted, and, so far as we have observed, most things of the slightest importance are.

Special atlases are, perhaps, rarely useful save to specialists. Messrs. Nelson's *Royal Atlas and Gazetteer of Australasia*, however, by Mr. J. G. Bartholomew, deserves an exception, the motive of which may be anticipated with a very little thought. Australasia generally, and Australia in particular, may be described as a region of immense, if not magnificent, distances. For a thickly or pretty thickly populated district that you find here and there, you find vast spaces of sea or desert in which the fantastic mind desiderates the elephants and the whales, the castles and the ships of ancient cartography. Now, with only one or two maps devoted to the whole region, it is almost impossible to circumvent the difficulty, which yields at once to subdivision. The present atlas has twenty-eight plates of maps or diagrams, including Fiji, the South Polar regions, and so forth, and supplemented by a succinct but useful Gazetteer. Many, if not most, of these plates are further subdivided, so that the total number of maps, including plans of towns, &c., is very considerable and suited to meet almost all requirements. Another cheap and useful atlas designed for a different class is the *Globe Hand Atlas* of the same publishers and editor. The same system of including smaller maps in the waste spaces of the larger (a system of which, perhaps, the best example is the well-known "Sprüner," and which enormously increases the usefulness of any such work) is pursued here and there among the fifty-four maps, which extend to ancient as well as modern subjects.

From another firm of well-known geographical publishers, Messrs. George Philip & Son, we have a new *Advanced Class-Book of Modern Geography*, by Professor Hughes, assisted by Mr. Francon Williams. It has eight hundred pages of tightly packed but by no means obscurely printed matter, and it may be imagined what an amount of information on political and physical geography both can be packed by hands experienced at the task into such a space.

Of wall maps we have to notice a map of the United States from the Jarvis Conklin Company; from Messrs. Philip a good wall map of Africa wrought up to late dates, a larger one of the British Isles, and a still larger one of the World on Mercator's projection—a most useful old device, which we trust will never go out of fashion, though some geographers of the new school turn up their noses at it. Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston send us wall maps of Asia and of England, besides a collection of those capital pictures of animals, trades, and what not for school walls to which they are always adding, and which, if they do not belong to pure geography, may be said to illustrate and connect themselves with geographical teaching.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE were led to expect that M. Ferdinand Brunetière would deal with the lawgiver of Parnassus in the collection of the *Grands écrivains* (1), and the expectation was not without piquancy. For there was a time when M. Brunetière seemed to be forming himself very much on the model of Despréaux; and though time has supplied his judgments and enlarged his views, the likeness has not entirely ceased. But either because in the interval he has had other opportunities of delivering himself on the subject (which is the fact) or for some other reason, M. Brunetière seems to have relinquished the task. The position of understudy to such a well-graced actor is always an awkward one. We are bound to say that M. Gustave Lanson has acquitted himself of it like a man. He has shown learning and judgment not unworthy of M. Brunetière himself, and has added thereto a certain *fougue* which is not always the most prominent characteristic of the critic of the *Deux Mondes*. We should have had some difficulty in believing beforehand that so much enthusiasm could have been shown on such a subject. And yet, though people who know little of the matter may think that M. Lanson has redressed Romantic injustice, and though he most certainly has said everything that can be said (and we acknowledge that this is a great deal) for Boileau, there remains one thing to be said on the other side, which we half think M. Lanson himself would not deny, and which suffices to set Boileau among the goats, not the sheep of criticism. For there are three classes of critics—(1) those who are at once repelled by anything odd or anything new, attracted by anything regular or anything old; (2) those who are attracted and repelled in exactly the opposite polarity; (3) those who do not ask Is this old? or Is this new? Is this regular? or Is this eccentric? but simply Is it good? Only these last follow

the more excellent way. Boileau is of the first class, and though these may rank a little above the second, seeing that most old things are better than most new, he cannot attain unto the way of perfection.

We had already seen in his books on America and Ireland that M. de Mandat-Grancey (2) is a sensible man; but we never knew quite how sensible he is till we read this book of his on Africa. It consists of two parts, or rather of two tones or notes, mingled and alternated. The one is a note of jovial reminiscence, extending over some thirty years from the time when M. de Grancey was a midshipman on the Madagascar station; the other note is one of protest urged with very great force, and illustrated with much experience, against the results partly of the genuine craze for extirpating slavery, partly of the much less respectable practices for which this craze has been made the screen and pretext. As a Frenchman and an old naval officer, M. de Grancey does not, of course, spare ourselves. He has even shown himself not strictly critical in his acceptance of stories about the profits of slave-catching by English cruisers, and the action of Mr. Jameron and Major Barttelot. But his tone is by no means Chauvinist, and his main expostulation is with his own country. Its gist comes to this—that in tropical and sub-tropical countries infinitely more hardship has been brought on the native races by meddling with slavery than slavery itself causes, and that with no justification of real good to white colonists. The argument is well worth the attention of serious students, who, as well as others, will find plenty of relief and diversion in M. de Grancey's anecdotes of Provençal slavers, black princesses, Malagasy cookery, and the tricks and rivalries of the officers of the different squadrons on the East African station.

The latest volume of the *Journal des Goncourt* (3) (which is, the author tells us, also the last that is to appear in his lifetime) covers the period between 1878 and 1884. M. Edmond de Goncourt, though disdainful of those who objected to his *vérité désagréable* (in other ways to his ill-natured loquacity), condescends to them, he says, in only telling here what he calls *vérité agréable*. And he must pardon us if we say that the volume gains immensely not merely in *agrément*, but in all the good qualities of art. It still has some of the drawbacks of its predecessors. There is still the over-estimate of his own and his brother's literary value—of their literary influence there is unfortunately no question—still those occasional reminders that he is M. de Goncourt, an "aristo," possessing ancestors, and not bound to write for a living, which are to some persons not at all impatient of aristocracy so unpleasant; still the lapses of taste as they seem to Englishmen, still the curious evidences of colossal ignorance. But all these are pardonable, and especially the last; for, after all, to know too much is the most hideous and incurable of diseases. And the book is stuffed with literary and personal interest. To take two instances out of many, the account of Flaubert's death, and the thesis of the old lady who maintained that the hideous practice of the tub had sapped all feminine modesty, are worth the price of the book. Every now and then, there emerges from the records of M. de Goncourt's laborious literary impressionism something precious and lasting. Such is the anecdote of a well-known person recounting how, when he first began to perceive himself surrounded with an admiring circle who received his remarks with silent awe, the hideous conclusion impressed itself on him "je suis un vieur"; such M. de Goncourt's own reflection (perhaps never made by any one till the same rubicon is crossed) on the sweetness of the prospect of an undisturbed day of work, "sans sortie, sans visites, sans dérangement, dans la jouissance parfaite et l'exaltation intérieure de la solitude." These things and others would make us pardon much; and there is comparatively little to pardon here.

Of the latest work of M. de Goncourt's friend we must say less than of M. de Goncourt's. Although we have never been Daudetists, we could hardly have thought it possible that M. Daudet (4) should be dull. He has shown himself equal to that task here. "Rose" and "Ninette" are the daughters of a divorced couple, and the story shows how the machinations of the mother gradually estrange them from the father. As a "Letter from my Mill" it might have been charming, as a novel of 250 pages it is not.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE Impossibility of Social Democracy (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), "Social Science" series, is an English version, edited by Mr. Bernard Bosanquet, of Dr. Schäffle's "positive critical supplement" to his *Quintessence of Socialism*, a translation of which is included in the same series. Both works were inspired by the Socialist victories in the German elections since 1874, and both express the philosophic optimism of the author with regard to the reinforcement of Socialist representation in the Reichstag. Dr. Schäffle declares, in 1884, that he is neither surprised nor alarmed by these successes. He takes what may be called an old-fashioned Liberal view of the matter. He would welcome more and yet more Social Democrats in the Reichstag, if only because then the contest with Socialism would be constitutional

- (2) *Souvenirs de la côte d'Afrique*. Par le Baron de Mandat-Grancey.
- (3) *Journal des Goncourt*. Tome sixième. Paris: Charpentier.
- (4) *Rose et Ninette*. Par Alphonse Daudet. Paris: Flammarion.

(1) *Les grands écrivains français—Boileau*. Par Gustave Lanson. Paris: Hachette.

and methodical, and the programme of the party would take definite shape and be gradually produced and discussed step by step. In the same spirit he opposes "muzzling" legislation, as hindering the natural and inevitable disintegration of the allied Social Democratic forces. Like the *Quintessence*, this critical "Supplement" is written in a temperate and cautious spirit, though it shows less power in argument, and is far more discursive than the former work. It is, in short, as Mr. Bosanquet observes, "more dependent upon the peculiarities of German life," and to a certain extent is less instructive and suggestive to the English reader. As a demonstration of the impossible Dr. Schäffle's book is necessarily incomplete. All that it attempts is to prove by scientific criticism of current Socialistic programmes of the dogmatic kind that the new social order, or Socialist State, is utterly impracticable—not that a revolutionary experiment to realize the impossible might not be temporarily successful.

Under the title *Egyptian Science* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) Mr. V. E. Johnson has summarized the wisdom of the Egyptians, so far as existing documents permit, in the form of a "general introduction to the history of science," with a view to estimating the debt of modern science to ancient Egypt. The plan of this little book is similar to that of the author's careful and lucid survey in his *Chaldean Science*. He deals with the Astronomy, Mathematics, Engineering, Medicine, Chemistry, and Mechanical Science of ancient Egypt, from the standpoint of archaeology, not rejecting reasonable conjecture when, as in the dubious question whether the ancient Egyptians were acquainted with the precession of the equinoxes, Egyptian knowledge may be inferred from Chaldean. But Mr. Johnson is nothing but cautious in employing the process of analogy.

Mr. George Massee's botanical handbook, *The Evolution of Plant Life* (Methuen & Co.), "University Extension" series, treats of the physiology and anatomy of plants, and the chemistry of plant-life, tracing the life-process from the first manifestation of the organism, and the evolution of existing forms from primordial types. Starting with the indispensable protoplasm, Mr. Massee defines and describes the characteristic features of plant-life, the phenomena of growth, the cellular formation, chemical constituents, and so forth, as illustrated by the lower forms of the vegetable kingdom, such as algae, fungi, lichens, mosses, ferns, &c. To judge by other "Extension" manuals, some of which are scrappy or elementary in character, Mr. Massee's book is intended for an advanced type of Extension student. Its exposition of complex plant-structure is clear and exact, and the accompanying diagrams are very useful.

Have poultry shows depreciated the quality of English fowls and reduced the supply of eggs? Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier is very strongly convinced of these undesirable results of the breeding of "fancy" birds for exhibition purposes, and in his *Poultry for the Table and the Market* (The Field Office) has put forth a formidable case against poultry-fanciers and promoters of agricultural shows. He has collected much evidence to show that fine feathers do not make fine birds—for the table, or good layers. He thinks it is much to be regretted that useful poultry is excluded from our great agricultural exhibitions and fancy feather varieties favoured in their stead. The influence of the fancier, it seems, is to be traced in every direction—even to the farmyard and most poultry runs. As to the evidence, Mr. Tegetmeier has produced enough to engage the serious attention of farmers, and more than enough to stir the fancier to reply.

Folly and Fresh Air, by Eden Philpotts (Trischler & Co.), is descriptive of the experiences of two who go a-fishing among Dartmoor trout-streams, and find much delight therein. It is a right pleasant book, and would be wholly delightful if it were not for certain manifestations of jocularity of the kind that is peculiar to the professional funny man. Still, for all this excrementitiousness, genuine humour, a pretty descriptive gift, and a flow of animal spirits make this holiday sketch agreeable reading. The inexperienced angler may revive his faint heart as he reads the exploits of the glorified fisher in this volume. There is much that is bright and genial in the notes on men and nature, as well as excellent observation. The account of the spider (p. 110) that "pattered round the room after dark squeaking like a mouse" reminds us of one we knew—also a Devonshire spider—that whistled softly to himself, at dusk, a solemn and Schumannesque *Nachtstück*.

Clement Barnold's Invention, by Lionel Hawke (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), is a somewhat sensational story of the dangers that environ inventive genius through the cupidity and envy of rogues, inventive in plotting if in nothing else. There is plenty of incident in the book and the story moves briskly. But the characters, especially the hypocritical villain, are stagey and overcoloured.

Miss Frances Power Cobbe, in her address to the Cambridge Ladies' Discussion Society, *Health and Holiness* (Bell & Sons), denounces as a pernicious error, and "ethically false," the opinion that every practice which, according to experts, conduces to bodily health or tends to the cure of disease, "is *ipso facto* morally lawful and right." Such a view Miss Cobbe considers rank Hygeiolatry. There can be no doubt about the Hygeiolatry of *The Girl's Own Book of Health and Beauty*, by Dr. Gordon Stables (Jarrod & Sons). The conscientious young person who obeys every letter of the law as prescribed by Dr. Stables will have her hands full. Should she meditate on the nineteen disorders that "cycling can cure," or the "Things our Nurse ought to know," not to mention a hundred other matters of diet, sanitation,

exercise, and so forth, she will scarce find time for any other contemplation. We note, by the way, a list of medicines that "ought to be in little Nurse's medicine chest." They number twenty-one, including "a little of the best brandy or Scotch whisky." And they are prefaced by the observation "I give only those that are most simple and safe." No. 2 of Dr. Stables's appalling list is "Antipyrin—avoid this. It is a most dangerous remedy except in the hands of a physician." But the absurdities of this book are past counting.

In *Hygiene under Difficulties* (Allman & Son), Mrs. Priestley reprints, with additional information, a pamphlet issued a few years since for the benefit of the National Health Society. It describes in energetic terms the experience of the writer of imperfect drainage, and its rectification at two houses, the one in the Highlands, the other in Mayfair.

An excellent start is made by the new quarterly, *The Annals of Scottish National History* (Edinburgh: Douglas), under the editorship of Messrs. J. H. Harvie-Brown, James W. H. Trail, and William Eagle Smith.

In the series of "Masterpieces of Foreign Authors" we have a good selection of Goldoni's *Comedies* in English (David Stott), edited by Miss Helen Zimmern, who contributes an Introduction on the life and writings of Goldoni based on his Memoirs.

The object of making history pleasant to young children is successfully realized in *Stories from Ancient History*, by Elizabeth Stow (David Stott). The stories are well chosen and bright, and attractive in style.

We have received a new edition, revised by Mr. Edward Bell, of the Rev. J. L. Petit's *Architectural Studies in France* (Bell & Sons); *Thirteen Satires of Juvenal*, translated by Alexander Leeper, M.A., new and revised edition (Macmillan & Co.); *Architectural Perspective*, by F. O. Ferguson (Crosby Lockwood & Son), a practical treatise, illustrated by progressive diagrams, &c.; *Songs of the West*, by the Rev. S. Baring Gould and the Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard (Methuen & Co.); *Rosenthal*, a North-country story, by Peter Burn (Bemrose & Sons); *Power and Force*, by James Boddely Keene (Fisher Unwin); *Harold*, a drama, translated from the German of Ernst von Wildenbruch by Otto Heller, and into English verse by Hugh A. Clarke (Philadelphia: Post-Lore Company); *My Zouave*, by Mrs. Bartle Teeling (Burns & Oates); and *One Woman's Way*, by Edward Pendleton (New York: Appleton).

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Manchester, February 1892.

CHELTEMHAM COLLEGE.—The ANNUAL EXAMINATION for SCHOLARSHIPS will be held on May 31, June 1 and 2. ELEVEN SCHOLARSHIPS at least, of value ranging between £50 and £30 per annum, will be awarded. Chief subjects, Classics and Mathematics. Candidates must be under fifteen.—For further details apply to the SECRETARY, The College, Cheltenham.

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UPPINGHAM SCHOOL.—An EXAMINATION will take place at Uppingham on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of April, 1892, for SIX OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS, two of £70 per annum, limited to two boarding-houses; two of £50 per annum; two of £30 per annum, each tenable at the School. Candidates under fourteen. Application to be made by March 15, 1892.

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ONE EXHIBITION, of the value of £80 a year, tenable at any College or Hall at either of the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge, is intended to be filled up after an Examination of the Candidates, which will take place at King Edward's School, Birmingham, September 20, and the following days, at nine o'clock.

Candidates are requested to send their Names, Addresses, and Certificates of Baptism, with Testimonials of Conduct and Character, on or before the 1st day of August, to CHARLES SHAW, Esq., care of Messrs. Park Nelson, Morgan, & Gennell, 11 Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C. Candidates must be Members of the Church of England, Natives of Wales, or of one of the four Welsh Dioceses, under Twenty Years of Age upon the 10th day of October next, acquainted with the Welsh Language, and intending to become Candidates for Holy Orders.

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Those who fail in Welsh will not be further examined. The Exhibition will be tenable (during Residence) for four years, by an Exhibitioner who at the time of his Election is not legally a Member of either University, and will in his case date from Matriculation; and by an Exhibitioner who at the time of his Election is legally a Member of either University, till the close of the Term in which the Degree of Bachelor of Arts is due to the holder.

March 7, 1892.

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TO BRITISH AUTHORS.

A perusal of the following correspondence is respectfully requested.

In the New York "TRIBUNE," one of the most respectable and influential dailies in the United States, under date of February 12, its London Correspondent wrote as follows:—

"There is in New York one of the most remarkable men of modern times, and one of the most generous, who is trying to make himself known to the writers of books in England. He addresses English authors desirous of having their manuscripts copyrighted and the sale of their works pushed in the United States. It is by advertisement in some of the weekly papers of London which have to do with literature that this benefactor of the literary species makes known his name, and addresses and profession. He is Mr. P. F. Collier, and gives as his address, 523 West Thirtieth Street, New York. I am sure you will not grudge him this unpaid advertisement, when you know that he guarantees to his client a sale of over two hundred thousand copies within one week of publication. No limitation as to the class of book, or as to subject, or size, or goodness. Any English author, it appears, who will put himself into communication with Mr. P. F. Collier may be sure that two hundred thousand copies of his book will be sold in a single week. What I should like him to say is whether American authors are excluded from this guarantee, and if so, why? The respectable weekly papers in London which publish this glowing proposal do so without a word of caution to their credulous readers. Does Mr. Collier publish this same advertisement in New York? And if he does not, would you mind asking him why his charity does not begin at home?"

"G. W. S."

To which I replied as follows,—the reply appearing in the "TRIBUNE" of February 13:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'TRIBUNE.'"

"Sir,—At the conclusion of your 'London Notes' in this day's impression of *The Tribune*, the writer, G. W. S., facetiously alludes to certain advertisements of mine which are appearing weekly in London, in *The Saturday Review*, *The Spectator*, *The Athenaeum*, and *The Academy*. In these advertisements I call the attention of British authors to the advantages of copyrighting and publishing their works through me, guaranteeing an edition of two hundred thousand copies within one week, since a subscription to my illustrated weekly paper, *ONCE A WEEK*, includes a novel with each number, or fifty-two novels a year; and as I have over two hundred thousand subscribers weekly, increasing in number, I can, as a natural consequence, place two hundred thousand copies of my author's book within the week, having a 'Hoe' press which was specially built for me, with a capacity of turning out fifty thousand books a day, folded. These books are known as the 'ONCE A WEEK Library.' I am not in the least astonished that G. W. S. is fairly paralysed at these figures; they have also astonished the Incorporated Society of Authors, with whom I have the honour of being at present in correspondence.

"G. W. S. makes one mistake, however, when he says that 'any English author, it appears, who will put himself into communication with Mr. P. F. Collier may be sure that two hundred thousand copies of his book will be sold in a single week.' It is only such works as I accept for the 'ONCE A WEEK Library' that I publish.

"G. W. S. asks if I extend this chance to American authors. Why, certainly! I have just contracted for a story by Frank R. Stockton, the author of 'Rudder Grange,' 'The Lady or the Tiger,' &c., and I have already had the pleasure of publishing his 'Ardis Claverden' and 'The Great War Syndicate,' for which I paid him respectively ten thousand and three thousand dollars. This morning I dispatched a check to Mr. Julian Hawthorne for a coming story, and I have published novels and novelettes by the most distinguished living American writers.

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"G. W. S. states that I am 'trying to make myself known to the writers of books in England.' As a matter of fact, I have published and paid for stories by Messrs. H. Rider Haggard, B. L. Farjeon, F. C. Burnand (of *Punch*), Miss Braddon, and others, so G. W. S. may now rest assured that I am not unknown in 'Merrie England.'

"Apologizing for trespassing upon your space, and especially when I am compelled to speak so much of myself, which your correspondent has forced me to do,

"I am, dear sir, yours truly,

"P. F. COLLIER.

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